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GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

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P O E M,

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Wherein the utmost Power of

NATURE, REASON, VIRTUE,

AND THE

LIBERTY of the HUMAN WILL,

To administer COMFORT to the AWAKENED SINNER, are impartially weigh'd and considered.

---

By JOHN FELLOWS.

---

*For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great Mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the LORD thy REDEEMER.*

Isaiah, liv. 7, 8.

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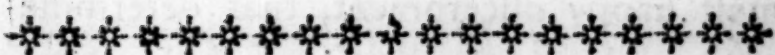
L O N D O N:

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1773.

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TO THE  
Rev. Mr. JOHN RYLAND, of  
NORTHAMPTON.

Reverend Sir,

THE care, skill, and unwearied ardour with which you pursue that great and important employment, the Education of Youth, induce you to attend to every method of instruction, and carefully to explore every way of access to the human Mind.

It is therefore the highest reason and most happy discernment, that determine you, while you are pursuing the cultivation and improvement of those noble intellectual powers of the Soul, the Reason, Understanding, and Judgment, not to neglect the Imagination and Fancy; those loose and lower faculties of the Mind: for well you know, that if these unfettled rovers are not provided for, they are sure to seek out for themselves, and will most certainly introduce such a profusion of all kinds of vanity, as will engage the whole attention of the Mind; and, in the end, run away with the nobler intellectual powers; while they utterly defeat the most judicious, and best contrived system of education.

These vagrant powers of the Mind, in their natural, wild, and uncultivated state, are deplorably subversive of every good, and advantageous pursuit; yet, when they are well directed and properly employed, are the foundation of every improvement, —the very ground-work, and materials  
which



which form every fine accomplishment our nature is capable of acquiring.

Happy then, and most exquisitely adapted to the great purpose it pursues, is the management of that Tutor, who makes use of such forms of instruction as catch these wanton wanderers unawares; insensibly enlist them in the service of Science; and employ them as auxiliary forces, in the cause of Virtue and Religion.

These considerations determined me to humour my inclination so far, as to make you a present of this little piece, in which the most interesting and important of all subjects, The Work of God upon the Heart, is attempted in such a manner, as not to be unpleasing to the imagination. And when I further consider that this subject is the darling theme of your soul, and that nothing delights you so much, as to hear of the triumphs of all-conquering Grace, and the Beauties and Glories of our Incarnate God; I am not

without hopes, that the subject will plead some excuse for the attempt, and you will approve the design, though you wish it had been executed by an abler pen.

I most sincerely deplore the loss which this undertaking has sustained by the death of the late Reverend, learned, and pious Mr. HERVEY, who approved the plan, and had promised to revise and correct the work. At the same time I recollect, with gratitude, the favourable regard you had for it in its infant-state, when you took the manuscript with you on a visit to that Gentleman, and by your interest with him, procured the enrichment of his remarks and corrections, so far as it was then finished, and his promise for the rest.

I therefore am encouraged to hope, that your goodness will excuse the liberty I take, of putting my little Volume into your hands: and I gladly lay hold on this opportunity of publishing to the World, the share I have in your friendship and esteem; of wishing you the most ample  
success

success in every branch of the two great characters you so manifestly adorn; and testifying the sense I have of the many obligations you have laid upon,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

J. F.

## P R E F A C E.

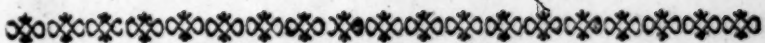
**T**HE Author of the following Poem was once a strenuous advocate for the Dignity and Purity of human Nature; and expected to obtain the Divine Favour, by a conformity to the rules of Natural Religion. But, being brought under some long and very severe exercises of the Mind, and being in a wonderful and gracious manner brought to the knowledge of Christ, and the joys of his Salvation; he thinks it his duty to give some account of these things, and to bear his testimony to the glorious Truths of that Gospel, which once was the object of his aversion, but now the delight and joy of his Soul. As he delights in poetical productions, he hath attempted the subject in rhyme: and being advised to publish it by some persons of knowledge and experience in the ways of God, he sends it into the World, not wholly without hopes, that it may be made useful to persons of similar experience with his own; and be a means of administering comfort to the dejected Soul. And if, in the hands of the Great Redeemer, it be conducive to so happy an end, he will neither repent the pains he hath taken in writing it, nor regard



gard the censures that may fall upon him from the proud and self-sufficient part of Mankind. The Reader will soon perceive, that the subject hath been treated of by abler hands, and in a more copious, judicious, and methodical manner. But it is not always the best performance that is attended with the greatest success. Our Immanuel reigns both in the Kingdom of Nature and Grace, and in each makes use of what instruments he pleases. The weakest means in his hands, may be productive of great and lasting effects; and on so exhaustless a subject as the Grace of God, there will always remain encouragement for a fresh attempt. However disgusting the following work may be to the carnal mind, it is humbly hoped that nothing is advanced that will give offence to any that know the Grace of God, and love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Every thing is carefully avoided that was supposed to have any such tendency. The unhappy divisions, and debates subsisting amongst Christians, have more need of cooling, than inflammatory applications. But whatever those debates and divisions are, it is hoped that all real Christians will unite in approving every thing that tends to display the perfections, and glories of the eternal Son of God; to humble the  
 haughty

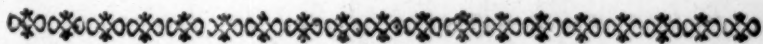


haughty heart and lay low the pride of Man, and to ascribe the whole of Salvation to God, and the work of his Grace. This is the delightful subject that elevates and transports the Souls of all who know the Lord. It is an eternal fountain, ever springing with new delights, ever flowing with those streams that make glad the City of God, and ever leading to new scenes of wonder and praise. The powers of human eloquence sink beneath the unequalled theme: and the boundless subject, scarce touched by mortal strains, dwells on the tongues of Angels, and resounds through Worlds of Light.



# GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the FIRST.



B

The

## The ARGUMENT.

*Evander is a sober, virtuous youth, of a mild and peaceable disposition: who, having been educated on the plan of natural religion and social virtue, and having escaped the reigning vices of the age; expected to be acquitted at the bar of supreme justice, and finally to obtain the approbation and favour of his Maker, by his generosity and goodness, by his exemplary virtue, by the purity of his intentions, and the integrity and uprightness of his conduct. Being accustomed to decide every debate by Reason, and the nature of things, he had early imbibed very low conceptions of the word of God; being possessed with an utter abhorrence of every thing that is called Enthusiasm, he questioned and despised the operations of his Spirit; and as he could not comprehend how his moral character could be adorned with the righteousness of another; it is not to be expected he would desire any better than his own. Notwithstanding these expectations and supports, he was lately under very great distress of mind. The pride of his heart could not prevail so far on his understanding, as to persuade him that he had not sinned. The errors, and follies of his life were in a very strange and unaccountable manner laid before him. Their weight seemed greater and greater. Every refuge failed. And his boasted reason and virtue proved but miserable comforters in the day of distress. In such circumstances he is introduced in this Dialogue, in which Sylvia his wife learns the cause of his distress; is very much surprised that a person of his conduct and character should fall into dejection, on such an account; and endeavours to comfort him, from the consideration of his former sobriety and virtue.*

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the FIRST.

EVANDER. SYLVIA.

EVANDER.

**Y**ET let me stand my ground, hold fast my  
hope,

And shew myself a man! Why should I think  
My sins too big for mercy? Lives the man  
Who never sinn'd? Is not our nature prone  
To error; mix'd with frailty; and remote  
From where perfection stands? Is not Heav'n's  
King

Immutably and infinitely good,  
And mercy his delight? Does not his eye  
Survey our frame, and know we are but dust?  
Whence then my fear? Can I be charg'd with  
crimes

So aggravated, or so black, as those  
Which stain the souls of thousands? Surely, no.  
Then rest my heart, and lay fast hold on peace. —  
But still I strive in vain: from some strange  
source,

Which I can't comprehend, a flood of thought  
Resistless pours upon my lab'ring mind,  
And bears down all before it. Let me think!

4 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

Why should I tremble thus? I ne'er was found  
 Amongst the sons of Violence, or Lust;  
 Nor join'd the direful train that dare the skies.  
 But have not I despis'd the holy Word  
 Of the Most High? and what degree of Guilt  
 Hence fastens on me, is an awful question  
 That soars above my reach: I fear 'tis great;  
 But were it greater than my fears preface,  
 The brighter shines that Mercy which forgives.  
 Yet something rises in my Soul that will  
 Not thus be satisfy'd: but like a stern  
 And swift avenger, close pursues my steps,  
 Repeats the charge, and fastens it upon me.  
 Where shall I look for aid? or by what strength  
 Maintain my ground against the latent foe,  
 That wounds my peace? Reason! the pow'r is  
                   thine,

Great Reason! thou bright offspring of the skies!  
 Thou ray of light, shot from the Fount Supreme  
 Into the soul of man, to guide his ways  
 And teach his wand'ring steps, to find his God;  
 To thee I look! to calm each restless thought,  
 And lead me in the way of hope and peace.  
 Say then, bright Reason! for all truth is thine;  
 Thou great director of the human race!  
 Thou only rest the weary soul can find  
 In Nature's wide domain! O say, what peace,  
 What comfort canst thou give a burden'd Soul,  
 Harra's'd with guilt, and bord'ring on despair,  
                                   That



That seeks Creation round, to find some prop  
To bear her sinking hope ? Thus Reason speaks ;  
(At least, the reas'ners of the age maintain,  
And thus have I oft listen'd and believ'd)

“ The Judge supreme is infinitely good ;  
Impartial Mercy crowns his ev'ry act ;  
And lenity surrounds his great tribunal.  
He'll wink at human frailty ; at his bar  
Our errors and mistakes will be forgiv'n ;  
And most atrocious crimes, repented of,  
Be blotted from the records of the skies.”

Were these conclusions sure, there might be  
hope ;

But if they're false, and I should on them rest,  
As the sure basis of eternal hopes ;

What floods and whirlwinds of heart-rending  
woe

Will burst upon me, in that dreadful day,  
When wrath divine, by an avenging God,  
Is pour'd in tempest on a guilty world !

Such dreadful weight, and such importance load  
This awful question, that I would not pass  
It slightly by, but search it to the bottom.

My soul alarm'd, demands to know the worst :  
But, lost, bewilder'd, and confus'd ; I search  
All nature thro', but follow truth in vain.

Yet still I seek ! 'tis Truth that must be found  
To heal, or else more deep'y wound, my soul.

6      *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

*EVANDER. SYLVIA.*

*S Y L V I A.*

Say, my Evander! what unusual care  
Broods in your breast, and makes your visage  
wear

So deep a gloom? late was your look serene,  
As the smooth lake that shines on yonder green;  
Peaceful and clear its liquid crystal lies,  
And all its bosom open to the skies;  
While the reflecting surface faintly shews  
Each flow'r and herb that on its border grows.  
Such was your mind; now clouded with dismay  
By some dark sullen thought that shuns the day;  
As when foul torrents and successive rains  
Swell the vex'd wave, and dash the flood with  
stains.

*E V A N D E R.*

Such stormy looks to me can ne'er belong:  
Thy anxious heart must sure conjecture wrong.

*S Y L V I A.*

Thrice have I seen the chearful morning rise,  
And spread her orient purple round the skies;  
Thrice hath the sun pursu'd his azure way,  
And o'er yon western mountains drove the day;  
Since some new griefs have prey'd upon your  
rest,

And latent troubles labour'd in your breast.

Oft

*DIALOGUE the FIRST.* 7

Oft I enquir'd your health ; you cold reply'd,  
Inquiry shun'd, and strove your care to hide ;  
But strove in vain.

*E V A N D E R.*

— No force, my love, can bind,  
Nor wit explain the movements of the mind.  
Sometimes she'll stray through fancy's flow'ry  
fields,  
And sport among the beauties nature yields ;  
Anon, through Reason's winding maze she roves,  
And restless strives to gain the truth she loves ;  
If here she fail, severer tasks employ,  
She seeks the shade, and wanders far from joy.

*S Y L V I A.*

Where'er your wand'ring thoughts may  
choose to stray,  
They seem to take a solitary way,  
Dismal to me, unpleasing, and unkind ;  
What need I speak ! my words are empty wind.  
You mark not when I end, or when begin ;  
But all your soul, collected, rolls within.

*E V A N D E R.*

Perhaps there's cause.

*S Y L V I A.*

— Is there such cause confess'd,  
Hid in your heart, and brooding in your breast,  
From

8 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

From all your friends conceal'd, with watchful  
care,

And I myself defrauded of my share?  
Unworthy judg'd (it seems) to bear my part,  
Nor longer now the partner of your heart.

*E V A N D E R.*

Ne'er did the awful Pow'r that rules the sky  
Succeed my wish, or feed my soul with joy;  
But my exulting heart would swiftly move  
With ardent zeal, to bear it to my love:  
Thy tender heart was ne'er by me oppress'd,  
Nor ever sought I to disturb thy rest:  
No longer, then, thy ill-judg'd suit maintain,  
T'explore what known, can only give thee  
pain.

*S Y L V I A.*

You wrong my love, by hiding thus your  
grief,  
And also rob yourself of my relief.

*E V A N D E R.*

Should Heav'n on thee the balmy pow'r  
bestow,  
To heal my grief, or mitigate my woe;  
Then some majestic height thy love would soar,  
And shew its worth in paths untrod before.  
Such mighty Edward's royal spouse was found,  
Who suck'd the venom from his poison'd wound,  
And

*DIALOGUE the FIRST.* 9

And fav'd her lord : but my distress to move  
Exceeds thy pow'r, and baffles all thy love ;  
Yea, ev'ry mortal aid——

*S Y L V I A.*

Strange ! wond'rous strange !  
Is the dark path your thoughts delight to range !  
But strive, oh strive ! to burst the bounds of  
night,  
Break through th'extended gloom, and rise to  
light.

*E V A N D E R.*

I strive in vain.

*S Y L V I A.*

——Then in plain terms declare  
What unaccustom'd ill creates your care !  
Care, which it seems admits of no relief !  
The strange assertion startles all belief.

*E V A N D E R.*

I fear 'tis true——

*S Y L V I A.*

The orb that rules the day  
Hath scarce three times pursu'd his fiery way  
Through the alternate seasons, since your strain  
Express'd the want of me your only pain :  
But now how chang'd ! tho' only yours I live,  
Not the least comfort's in my pow'r to give :  
Wrapt in deep thought, and obstinate in woe,  
You turn regardless from me !

*E V A N-*



*E V A N D E R.*

—If I go

In thorny paths, think it not want of love ;  
 Far other scenes, alas ! I'm doom'd to prove :  
 Pity me, Sylvia ! and lament my fate,  
 " For what so dreadful as celestial hate ? "

*S Y L V I A.*

Much you amaze me ! and lament I must,  
 Could I believe your apprehensions just.  
 But Heav'n's high King the path of goodness  
     treads ;  
 Nor aims his thunder but at guilty heads :  
 The wretch whose crimes direct against him  
     stand,  
 And dare th'avenging lightning from his hand,  
 As his fix'd foe the Judge supreme may view ;  
 But he's the best of friends to such as you.

*E V A N D E R.*

Ah ! were I sure of that—

*S Y L V I A.*

In bolder strain

I will this necessary truth maintain,  
 And bring yourself to witness. 'Tis not long  
 Since Virtue's name on Thames' fair banks you  
     sung,  
 And taught the list'ning stream her matchless  
     praise.

Now recollect the subject of your lays,

And

*DIALOGUE the FIRST.* 11

And seek bright virtue : she can make you rise,  
Give peace on earth, and lift you to the skies.

*E V A N D E R.*

Indeed I fear this building will not stand,  
But like a structure rear'd on sliding sand,  
With its prodigious fall shake the adjacent  
land,  
When, thund'ring on its head, the tempests  
blow,  
And rushing torrents roar and foam below.

*S Y L V I A.*

If good mens hopes, and worthy deeds come  
down,  
And Virtue is by Heav'n's avenging frown,  
Precipitated headlong from the skies ;  
Then tell me, my Evander, what can rise ?

*E V A N D E R.*

By Virtue's friendly aid I thought to stand,  
And fought no Saviour but my own right-hand:  
Fix'd on this base, I rais'd my hopes on high,  
And built this Babel to ascend the sky.  
But now I feel its loose foundation shake ;  
Strict search for Virtue in my soul I make,  
But find her not ; ah, no ! but the deep stain  
Of nateful vice, and guilt's incessant pain.

*S Y L-*

S Y L V I A.

The greatest Saint can no perfection boast ;  
 All are but frail imperfect men at most ;  
 Though in their day like morning-stars they  
 shine.

E V A N D E R.

But never can be charg'd with Guilt like  
 mine.

S Y L V I A.

The truth of what you say I can't allow ;  
 How was this Guilt hid from your sight till  
 now ?

E V A N D E R.

Behold the surface of the peaceful sea,  
 When sleep the winds, and yellow sun-beams  
 play  
 On its green face : it seems a broad, smooth  
 plain ;  
 And one bright smile fits dimpling on the main.  
 The scene, how chang'd ! when storms with  
 clamour loud,  
 Burst their dark mansions in the big-swoln  
 cloud !  
 Swift from the skies with force resistless sweep,  
 Lash the white surge, and tempest all the deep :  
 Then

Then boils and foams the flood, the billows rise,  
And in mad tumult mix the seas and skies :  
Now float the wrecks, and what hath found a  
grave

In the vast waters, tumbles on the wave ;  
Old Ocean groans, and with tremendous roar,  
Heaves the vast ruins on the beaten shore :  
Such is my mind. When peace and inward joy,  
Glow'd in my heart, and sparkled in mine eye ;  
No conscious guilt disturb'd, or slavish fear ;  
Without was peaceful, and within was clear.  
But now the storms of conscious terror roll,  
And clouds, and darkness gather on my soul !  
The face of things is chang'd, and I appear  
All guilt and wretchedness——

*S Y L V I A.*

Surpriz'd I hear  
You make the strange complaint ; and stand  
assur'd  
You have no reason——

*E V A N D E R.*

——I had ne'er endur'd,  
Such bitter anguish, such amazing smart,  
Which like an arrow fastens in my heart ;

C

If



14 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

If some strange crimes, uncommon to our race,  
Could not be charg'd upon me——

*S Y L V I A.*

In a place  
Where ev'ry hateful vice outrageous reigns,  
That you should gather such uncommon stains,  
And yet unnotic'd pass, confounds me much;  
Indeed, Evander! I ne'er thought you such.  
But ever to deceive me is not just;  
It is my right to know, and know I must.  
Then speak the thought, which all your peace  
invades,  
Your comfort hides, and wraps your soul in  
shades.

*E V A N D E R.*

No guilt upon me lies, or foul offence,  
That would be deem'd of such high consequence  
At man's tribunal: but the steady sight  
Of Heav'n's High Monarch, in another light  
Must needs behold me: his immediate view  
Flashes within, and sees me through and through.  
As the red lightning, sloping on the ground,  
Through midnight darkness, makes it day a-  
round;  
So through man's heart he darts his piercing  
sight,  
And all its hidden caverns flame with light.

How



How must he then the impious wretch despise,  
That durst arraign the conduct of the skies !  
Reason's dim beam to heav'nly light preferr'd,  
Oppos'd his Spirit, and deny'd his word!

*S Y L V I A.*

I can't imagine how you have acquir'd  
This uncouth strain ; or what strange cause in-  
spir'd  
So vastly wide a difference in your thought,  
From what, till now, you have believ'd and  
taught.

*E V A N D E R.*

When the poor peasant in his journey lost,  
Benighted wanders on a rocky coast ;  
If by the lightning's flame his eye commands  
Some dreadful precipice on which he stands :  
Aghast he shudders at th' alarming sight,  
And seeks t'escape by the terrific light !  
But when the flashing fires no longer burn,  
He, lost in darkness, knows not where to turn :  
So some avenging light that shines within,  
Shews my whole soul, deformity and sin :  
My danger shews, from heav'n's approaching  
ire,  
And that beneath me rolls a sea of fire :

16 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

But how a fall so horrid I may shun,  
It shews me not——

S Y L V I A.

The worst that you have done,  
If view'd, impartial, in the glass of Truth,  
Would virtuous seem, e'en from your early  
youth.

No known perversion hath employ'd your time,  
Determin'd guilt, or meditated crime :

Amongst the friends of human race you stood,  
And your chief pride and joy was doing good :  
Nor can what gives your anguish have a name,  
Amongst the crimes which blacken human  
fame.

But must, at most, some trifling error be,  
From which imperfect Reason is not free.

No longer then your restless thoughts employ  
On these dull themes, which eat up all your  
joy :

For though smooth error might your soul ensnare,  
The quest of Truth hath been your constant  
care :

In a false mirror then yourself you view ;  
The best of men might err as well as you.

E V A N D E R.

Alas, my Sylvia, much my fears forebode  
That I have rous'd the vengeance of a God.

Full

*DIALOGUE the FIRST.* 17

Full in my sight, the storm ascends on high;  
Swell's the big cloud, and blackens in the sky!  
Some few sad drops now beat upon my mind,  
The fulness of the tempest lies behind.

*S Y L V I A.*

What have you done to rouse it?

*E V A N D E R.*

Why, rebell'd  
With scornful pride, and arms offensive held  
Against the Sovereign of the universe!  
Persisted in rebellion! and what's worse,  
Trampled on him that holds the power to save!

*S Y L V I A.*

That, I am bold to say you never have.  
But if time past delusive paths you trod,  
Forsake each crooked way, and turn to God.

*E V A N D E R.*

I know not where to turn in search of rest,  
Nor how to quell the tumult in my breast;  
Confusion, fear, and terror, all combin'd,  
Murder my peace, and close upon my mind;  
Nor can my weary sight discern one ray  
Of dawning Hope to give the chearful day.  
The pilot thus, when darkness reigns on high,  
And the black tempest thunders thro' the sky;

18 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

When on the wave his giddy vessel's tost,  
And all his knowledge of his course is lost,  
Amidst the roaring of the stormy main,  
With anxious eye explores the skies in vain :  
No ray directs him ; but with hopeless mind,  
He drops the helm, and drives before the wind.



GRACE

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

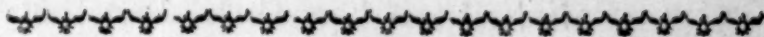
IN TWO ACTS.

BY JAMES H. HARRIS.



GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the SECOND.





## The A R G U M E N T.

*Mezentus is arrived at the middle stage of life: he is a person of a fine understanding, and is adorned with every amiable accomplishment; of the nicest honour, the strictest integrity and virtue, and the most extensive benevolence. His religious principles are the same as those of Evander: he is an admirer of natural and moral philosophy, and hath in discourse a bold and free way of reasoning. Being a friend and companion of Evander, he attempts in this Dialogue to reason him out of his distress. With this view he strongly maintains the all-sufficiency of Reason; sets very narrow limits to the extent of sin; and expatiates on the Glory of Virtue.*

# GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

## DIALOGUE the SECOND.

*EVANDER. MEZENTUS.*

*EVANDER.*

**P**EACE, ye tumultuous waves, and let me think !

Does not my anxious Heart forebode the worst ?  
With aggravations blacken all my errors ?

And tremble at imaginary woes ?

Let me delib'rate coolly, and decide

This most important question : Do I stand

High in the favour of the King of Heav'n ?

Shall I for ever bask beneath his smile ?

Or feel the vengeance of a frowning God ?

Awful his frown ! and terrible as hell !

What are those crimes that make me fear his  
frown ?

Pride ! Self-sufficiency ! and Unbelief !

How black the least ! and how they yawn upon  
me !

Blast every budding hope, and shade my soul

With double darkness. Foremost in this train

Stands a bold sin that first took root in heav'n,

And hurl'd ambitious Angels headlong down ;

Down,

22      *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Down, from their native skies, to deepest hell !  
 The sons of day, down to eternal night !  
 Where will it drive aspiring sons of men ?  
 The next is near akin ; the favourite  
 Sufficiency of Reason and of man ;  
 Once the delight and glory of my soul !  
 But now with aspect chang'd it frowns upon  
                  me,

Like black rebellion, that with fly pretence  
 To give God glory by exalting man,  
 Would undermine the high eternal throne ;  
 Degrade the awful Sov'reign of the skies,  
 And make a god whom man can comprehend.  
 But most of all, oh Unbelief ! at thee,  
 At thee I tremble ! thee I find condemn'd,  
 In the fix'd edict of th'all-ruling King,  
 In the high annals of Eternity :  
 Records which once I durst deny ! but now  
 They shoot into my inmost soul ; and I,  
 Howe'er reluctant, find, yea, feel them true,  
 To the confusion of my former pride !  
 Reason's deductions, ah ! how weak to this !  
 There unbelief is branded with the mark  
 Of sure destruction : oh, how grim it looks !  
 And seems my passport to the gates of Death ;  
 Eternal Death ! It rises on my view  
 In horrid form, and seems a sev'nfold rock

Of

Of adamant, that bars the gates of light,  
And blocks up all the mercy of the skies.

*EVANDER. MEZENTUS.*

*MEZENTUS.*

Come, my Evander, shake off ev'ry care,  
And taste the sweetness of the morning air :  
The humid south hath water'd all our plains,  
And o'er the grove refreshing fragrance reigns.  
O'er the wide landscape gentle zephyrs fly,  
The rougher winds in rocky caverns lie ;  
Through fleecy clouds the sun emits his rays,  
And all the skies with vernal glory blaze,  
While the soft sun-beams, mixing with the  
breeze,  
Shoot through the shade, and tremble in the  
trees.

All nature smiles in flow'ry robes array'd,  
While the wing'd tenants of the warbling shade,  
With various notes the swelling concert raise,  
And join the voice of universal praise.  
But you from each gay scene in silence turn,  
Hang down your drooping head, and inward  
mourn.

*EVANDER.*

Not without cause : my spirit finds no ease,  
And these delightful scenes no longer please.

*ME-*



## M E Z E N T U S.

No greater blessing is by heav'n assign'd,  
 To Virtue's sons, than chearfulness of mind :  
 This Wisdom bids us seize, and not give way  
 To unavailing sorrow. Yet this day  
 With deep concern I heard that you, my Friend,  
 To strange enthusiastic troubles bend :  
 I ne'er expected you would thus be led ;  
 Say, where's your sense ? or where's your Reason fled ?

## E V A N D E R.

Perhaps she is not fled ; but yet I fear  
 Her utmost aid avails but little here.

## M E Z E N T U S.

If Reason's aid avail not, if she fail  
 Where is that greater pow'r that can prevail ?

## E V A N D E R.

When the black tempest sweeps along the  
 skies,  
 Shakes the whole atmosphere with thund'ring  
 noise ;  
 And, bellowing, crosses the Ocean, foams and  
 raves,  
 And rolls in dreadful heaps the clouds and  
 waves ;  
 If the soft Siren's song can then appease  
 The horrid rage, and still the stormy seas ;  
 Then



*DIALOGUE the SECOND.* 25

Then human Pride, and human Reason join'd,  
May curb and calm the tempest of the mind.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

Regardless of such rant I will maintain  
The throne of Reason, and her laws explain.  
Long ere the Sun adorn'd the chearful day,  
Or Planet roll'd along th'æthereal way ;  
In highest heav'ns was this fair Goddess known,  
And reign'd the partner of th'eternal throne ;  
The darling of the great Supreme ! and she  
Eternal and immutable as he.  
When down the skies in heav'nly pomp he came  
To raise this lower world's stupendous frame ;  
When with the finish'd work all Nature rang,  
And Heav'n and Earth the first great Sabbath  
sang ;

Fast by his side she join'd the triumph then,  
And her delight was with the sons of men ;  
E'er since she waits upon the human mind,  
For ever ready, and for ever kind :  
Wisdom commands to own her friendly beam,  
The test of ev'ry truth, the Light Supreme.

*E V A N D E R.*

However bright the rays of reason shine,  
They can't illumine this dark soul of mine.

D

M E.

26 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

*MEZENTUS.*

Nor here her aid the fav'ring pow'r denies,  
But to relieve her vot'ry swiftly flies;  
Before her presence ev'ry cloud gives way,  
And the dark prospect brightens into day.

*EVANDER.*

When soft prosperity attends our ways,  
Smooths all our steps, and smiles upon our days;  
Reason is able to direct the wise,  
And still the trifling troubles that may rise.  
But when the waves of conscious terror roll,  
And dash, tremendous, on th'affrighted soul;  
When the most High descends with vengeful ire,  
When the earth shakes, air thunders, Heav'n's  
    on fire,  
And the whole soul in tumult, fear, and grief,  
Reason's unable to afford relief.

*MEZENTUS.*

Nature's all-gracious Parent ne'er design'd  
Such strong dismay to seize the virtuous mind:  
Nor need you sink beneath these heavy woes,  
Would you regard the reason he bestows.

*EVANDER.*

That I must doubt, and certainly have cause.

*MEZENTUS.*

What, doubt the truth of Reason's sacred  
    laws!

*EVAN-*

*DIALOGUE the SECOND.* 27

*E V A N D E R.*

Yes, doubt if Reason can my conscience  
clear,

Or save me from the dreadful wrath I fear.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

When Day's great Sov'reign mounts the ori-  
ent sky,

The morning clouds before his glory fly ;  
So when bright Reason rises, disappear  
Each heavy gloom, and ev'ry groundless fear.

*E V A N D E R.*

When health and youth with flowing spirits  
crown'd,

Sport in the heart, diffusing joys around ;  
Reason ascends her throne, elate and fair,  
And, self-sufficient, laughs at ev'ry care ;  
Vast lengths in praise her gay adorers run,  
And will no equal own beneath the Sun.  
But when distress, with conscious terror join'd,  
Beats down our peace, and gathers on the mind ;  
Reason at once disowns her pow'r to save,  
And lets her vot'ry sink beneath the wave.  
For, when the storms of conscious trouble blow,  
She turns her back, and meanly joins the foe.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

This charge, if true, would merit great re-  
gard ;

'Tis what I recollect not to have heard :

28 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

But, 'till you have explain'd it, I suppose  
You ask no answer——

E V A N D E R.

Ere these troubles rose,  
Which like a canker prey on my repose;  
“Peace,” Reason cry'd, and charm'd me with  
her song;

And smiles alone to her did then belong:  
But now awaken'd conscience gives me smart,  
And clouds and darkness gather round my heart,  
Reason against me turns; her comforts cease,  
And her chang'd voice no longer gives me peace.  
Whatever my foreboding heart indites,  
Or my accusing Conscience swiftly writes,  
Applauding Reason owns; she signs the worst,  
And thunders in my trembling heart, “'Tis  
just.”

M E Z E N T U S.

What Reason speaks, she always will main-  
tain,  
Truth owns her voice, and smiles upon her  
strain,  
Invariable all, and free from ev'ry stain.  
A ray divine her sov'reign dictates claim,  
And through succeeding ages speak the same:  
Nor can I your remark as truth allow,  
That she spoke peace before, but roars in terror  
now.

E V A N-



*DIALOGUE the SECOND.* 29

*E V A N D E R.*

Experience, that great teacher, owns my strain,  
And still I must the dreadful truth maintain.  
For now th'Almighty's awful terrors roll,  
And raise his dread tribunal in my soul.  
With stern command, he cries, and frowning  
wrath,  
“Produce your cause, and bring your Reasons  
forth.”

But reason shuns the task with trembling awe,  
Deserts my cause, and leaves me to the law.  
Nor yet contented thus! to grieve me more, }  
She my accuser joins with ceaseless roar, }  
As ready to condemn, as to acquit before.  
That I must die she'll crowds of reasons give;  
But oh, not one! not one, that I should live!

*M E Z E N T U S.*

It is not Reason's gentle gales that roll  
The surging waves, which toss the troubled  
soul:  
Her voice, if heard, would make the tumult  
cease,  
And hush the wild, outrageous storm to peace.  
But she's discarded now, and in her stead,  
Enthusiasm rears her hateful head,  
A demon wild, who darts destructive fires;  
Reason abhors his presence, and retires:



30 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

While each deluded mortal where he goes,  
 Swells with false joys, or sinks with causeless  
 woes.

But turn, my Friend ! oh turn ! without delay  
 From this delusive source of your dismay,  
 And author of your woes ! to Reason bend,  
 And closely to her friendly voice attend :  
 She'll light your steps, drive anguish from your  
 breast,

Chace every fear, and lull your cares to rest.

*E V A N D E R.*

Alas ! my Friend, I have been lull'd too long,  
 And fondly listen'd to the Siren's song ;  
 But from it now my loathing spirit turns,  
 And all my soul for sense of pardon burns :  
 If Reason this can give, or make appear,  
 I shall be all attention.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

—Never fear ;

Hear but her voice, and listen to her strain,  
 And in this point you shall not long complain :  
 If you repent you're certainly forgiv'n ;  
 The voice of Reason, this ; the voice of Heav'n.

*E V A N D E R.*

But mine are sins of such uncommon dye ;  
 Extend so vastly wide, and rise so high ;  
 They over-top forgiveness—

*M E-*

*M E Z E N T U S.*

Such there's none;  
'Tis your mistake: but tell me what you've  
done.

*E V A N D E R.*

Dishonour'd, and deny'd God's only Son.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

Then this vast guilt which hath your thought  
engross'd,  
Is but, it seems, a small mistake at most.  
Can perfect goodness, can the Judge supreme,  
For human frailties, and mistakes condemn?

*E V A N D E R.*

Not small, it seems, but rises on my eye  
Like a vast mountain, which will on me lie,  
And press me down for ever.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

—— Strange the sight,  
Which to a mountain magnifies a mite!

*E V A N D E R.*

Name not so small an insect, to allude,  
Or stand compar'd with Sin's vast magnitude.  
Rather to mighty Atlas turn your eyes,  
That shades vast plains, and intercepts the skies.  
Or view the craggy Alps' extended row,  
White with long ridges of eternal snow.

*M E-*

32 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

*M E Z E N T U S.*

Monstrous indeed!—

*E V A N D E R.*

Full proof attends my strain,  
Nor can proud Reason make th' assertion vain.  
Great is the dreadful God 'gainst whom I sin'd,  
Holy and infinite th' eternal Mind;  
Great is his law, which smallest failings break,  
And great his pow'r to punish.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

Why, you speak  
As though no diff'rence could in Sin be found;  
But that our frailties would as deeply wound  
As flagrant crimes.

*E V A N D E R.*

—The very least of mine  
Justly I view as worthy wrath divine:  
But its extent I see not, till I know  
How great that God it surely makes my foe.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

God's greatness, which so justly you express,  
Magnifies not our sins, but makes them less;  
Since in full peace he holds th' eternal throne,  
And can be injur'd, can be touch'd by none.

*E V A N D E R.*

The real guilt of every kind of ill,  
Consists not in the deed, but in the will.

Th

The Sinner drives at Heav'n's eternal Sire,  
Nor dreads his thunder, nor his bolts of fire;  
But his bold crimes direct against him rise,  
And dare the whole artill'ry of the skies;  
Till the dread pow'r, that he presumes to brave,  
Rises in wrath, and sweeps him to the grave.  
Thus the red comet rears himself on high,  
Tosses his flaming firebrands round the sky;  
Lashes the stars, and furious takes his way,  
With headlong course towards the God of day:  
Till, falling in with his prevailing rays,  
He sinks from sight amidst the solar blaze.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

Your colouring's much too strong. The  
wicked man

Is bad enough, 'tis true, but never can  
Drive on at this mad rate! His crimes arise  
Not from ambition to insult the skies,  
Or hatred to his Maker: in his mind  
The love of pleasure rages unconfin'd,  
Breaks thro' all bounds, and bears the Soul away  
Impatient of refusal, or delay.

*E V A N D E R.*

Though the bold Sinner's thought no further  
goes

Than present pleasure, let him not suppose,  
By this smooth plea, he will acquitted stand  
Of black rebellion's guilt! God's high command  
Has



34 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Has been insulted. Justice claims his ire ;  
 Soon he descends, in tempest and in fire ;  
 Surrounds this globe, arrests her as she runs,  
 And brings to final judgment all her sons.  
 The boldest Sinner then he'll shake with awe ;  
 Then will his thunder vindicate his law.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

Whate'er the doom to stubborn Vice assign'd  
 No terror need to shake the virtuous mind.  
 Yours has been such ; and God, I must con-  
 tend,  
 If he delights in Virtue, is your friend.

*E V A N D E R.*

Virtue's celestial aid I lately sought,  
 And my first off'rings to her altar brought ;  
 Her fair idea in my soul I form,  
 As a sure covert from the wind and storm :  
 But now that storm comes on she turns away,  
 And says, she knows me not——

*M E Z E N T U S.*

To what you say  
 I must refuse assent. Her sons to raise  
 Is Virtue's care, and these she ne'er betrays ;  
 Nor e'er disowns whoe'er on her rely,  
 But smiles around, dispensing Peace and Joy.  
 To thee, bright Virtue ! thee, celestial Maid !  
 Shall all my off'rings, all my vows be paid.

O,



O, may thy glories ever swell my theme !  
To each created mind, thou Good Supreme !  
In Heav'n's high thrones, amongst the Sons of  
Light,

Esteem'd and lov'd thou shin'st divinely bright ;  
Unfollied there thy matchless beauties rise,  
And make more blest'd the mansions of the skies :  
And when on earth thou tak'st thy bright abode,  
Thou mak'st the man that owns thee, like his  
God.

Parties and sects amuse the thoughtless throng ; }  
But this distinction stands as Nature strong, }  
“ Who shuns thee can't be right, who finds }  
thee can't be wrong :” }

To thee on Earth, to thee beyond the grave  
I look, and seek no greater pow'r to save.

*E V A N D E R.*

If you no other Saviour have to boast,  
In spite of Virtue's aid I must be lost.  
Vast is my debt, uncanceled still it stands,  
And Justice now demands it at my hands ;  
Alloy'd is Virtue's coin, 'twill pass no more,  
Nor can such counters pay the dreadful score.

GRACE

O, may thy glories dwell my theme!  
To such extent as art, thou Great Superior,  
In Heaven's high courts, amongst the hosts of

Light,  
Thou hast and wouldst have us, O divine  
I studied there to watch thy power  
And mine more bold the mansion of the Great;  
And when of words thou wast thyself the speaker,  
Thou wast the man that was the man

God,  
Forth and the same thy thoughts thy  
But this thy hand as Nature's hand,  
We know thee not the right who have  
Thee can't be wrong;  
To thee on Earth, to thee beyond the grave  
I look, and look not more to thee

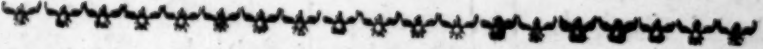
And thou art a man,  
If you neither know nor have to do,  
In face of Virtue's mild smile  
Virtue is my debt, and I am  
And I am not a man, and I am not  
Alas! my Virtue is a man, and I am not  
Nor can I be a man, and I am not

On the  
On the



GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE *the* THIRD.



## The A R G U M E N T.

*Æneas, in his natural and acquired abilities, or his moral character and conduct, is not inferior to Mezentus ; but he acts from other principles, and with different views. Having experienced the power of Religion, and tasted that the Lord is gracious, he esteems the love of God, to be a more powerful and prevailing principle of action than the love of Virtue : and a delight to do his will, arising from a heart-felt sense of his love, to be a more noble and generous motive to obedience, than the servile fear of punishment, or the selfish hope of a great reward. He is not unacquainted with the sciences, or blind to the beauties of Nature ; but, having had a view of the ever-adorable Son of God, his attention is too much fixed on this great object of his admiration and love, to be easily diverted to other prospects. The brightness of Nature seems dim to him, being overpowered with the glories of the great Redeemer ; and all her treasures seem poor and mean, compared with the unsearchable riches of Christ. To this exalted person as the only Saviour of Sinners, and relief of the burdened Soul, he endeavours, in this Dialogue, to raise the attention of his dejected Friend. He steadily pursues this single point ; strives to answer every objection, to obviate every difficulty, to remove every scruple, and persuade to a reliance on Him that is mighty to save.*

# GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

## DIALOGUE the THIRD.

*EVANDER. ÆNEAS.*

*EVANDER.*

**I**N vain I wander through the shades for  
Peace,

Or seek her in the winding maze of thought;  
Far from my steps the fair Celestial flies.

She's gone! for ever gone! and in her stead,  
O'er my foreboding soul, with horrid frown,  
Corroding Anguish spreads her raven wings,  
And black Despair his iron sceptre holds.

Oh, where dwells Comfort! where dwells  
heav'nly Peace!

She dwells, great God! with those that love thy  
law.

If so, how far from me! And thou, dread  
Lord!

Oh, thou exalted Son of the Most High!

That hold'st the center of th' eternal Throne,  
And justly claim'st the birthright of the skies:  
'This Peace is thine to give. What wonder,  
then,

That he with-holds this blessing from his foes,  
And most of all from me? who shun'd his love,



40 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

Deny'd the merit of his matchless deeds;  
 Who durst oppose the honour of his name,  
 And coldly hesitate to own him GOD.  
 But now I feel his pow'r! his wrath awak'd,  
 Shoots demonstration into all my soul!  
 I see him rise in majesty array'd,  
 Tremendous majesty! Oh, how I gaze!  
 How his stupendous greatness fills my soul  
 With wonder, awe, and terror! How I shrink  
 And tremble at the glory of his might! —  
 E'en yon enormous globe of cent'ral fire,  
 That flames th'apparent glory of the sky,  
 Holds the extended empire of the day,  
 And stands the basis of depending worlds,  
 But dimly shines an emblem of the GOD.  
 This sun is his; and ev'ry wand'ring sphere  
 From Merc'ry, basking in the solar blaze,  
 To utmost Saturn: who, with all his train,  
 Of gay attendants, moves in solemn state,  
 And orb in orb, eccentric, sweeps the sky.  
 Yea, far beyond where'er Creation dwells,  
 And pours by myriads her refulgent sons,  
 All-flaming with unutterable blaze,  
 There reigns the King. And o'er the track-  
     less fields  
 Of boundless space, which lie beyond all  
     thought,  
 And Angel's bolder wing attempts in vain,

His

*DIALOGUE the THIRD.* 41

His pow'r presides. His pow'r, how wond'rous  
great!

How dreadful! and how grand th'approaching  
day,

When, from the bright assemblies of the skies,

He comes surrounded with a shining train

Of Saints and Angels, to this guilty World!

He comes to judgment! to receive his own

Into the bosom of eternal love,

And pour swift vengeance on his hapless foes.

How dread the sight! how his red banners  
blaze

High, in mid heav'n, by mighty Angels born!

Blazon'd with his victorious deeds they wave,

And flame triumphant crimson through the  
sky.

But all this pomp is darkness, if compar'd

With the intolerably dazzling God!

Where shall the sinner stand? how shall he  
face

The pow'r he durst provoke, he durst deny?

How shall I bear the sight, when in my eyes,

Array'd in all the glory of the skies,

Ascends, as Judge of all, the God I durst  
despise?

*EVANDER. ÆNEAS.**ÆNEAS.*

How fares my friend?

*EVANDER.*

My peace of mind is lost,  
And on the restless waves of Grief I'm tost.

*ÆNEAS.*

When Sol, o'er heav'n's hill-top, pursu'd  
his way,  
With fiercer fires, and shot meridian day;  
To yonder shade retir'd, whose spreading trees  
Exclude the heat and catch the fanning breeze,  
Which cools its wings in streams that warbling  
flow,  
And wash the flow'ry meads that lie below,  
I found Mezentus; and from him I learn,  
That something fills your soul with deep concern.

Without delay my steps to meet you bend,  
Glad if my counsels can avail my friend.

*EVANDER.*

Though no relief my raging griefs obtain,  
Though love and friendship seek my ease in  
vain,  
I am not less oblig'd. But be so kind,  
To tell me what Mezentus says?

*ÆNEAS.*

*DIIALOGUE the THIRD.* 43

*Æ N E A S.*

—Your mind  
He apprehends disorder'd. Groundless fears,  
He says, distress you. Your whole soul appears  
Dark and confus'd; averse to Reason's laws;  
And that yourself, not clearly, knows the cause.

*E V A N D E R.*

Mistaken man! alas, too well I know  
The bitter fountain whence my sorrows flow.

*Æ N E A S.*

When the Physician of the cause is sure,  
He gains the basis that must bear the cure.

*E V A N D E R.*

There is no cure for me!—

*Æ N E A S.*

In this, my friend,  
I must conclude you err. If you attend  
To good advice, you doubtless soon may find,  
A great Physician that can heal the mind.

*E V A N D E R.*

Though far the healing pow'r of physick goes,  
It never can eradicate my woes.

*Æ N E A S.*

In an affair, where such importance lies,  
Conclude not too abruptly, but be wise.  
Perhaps you'll own your error when you learn,  
Who the Physician is. Whoever turn

To

44      *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

To his advice ne'er miss of sure relief,  
Though their vast misery exceed belief.

*E V A N D E R.*

If physic's pow'r could my complaint remove,

Your never-failing men I can't approve;  
But the Physician here must strive in vain,  
For Sin is the disease that gives me pain.  
As when a mighty army marshal'd stands,  
With spreading wings, wide-stretch'd, o'er distant lands,

And boastful ensigns waving in the air,  
The dread of nations, and the pomp of war:  
So all my sins, in terrible array,  
Stand in my view and fill me with dismay;  
But Pride and Unbelief above the rest,  
Rise on my soul, and flash across my breast.  
Can there be help for this?

*Æ N E A S.*

—Help may be found,  
And certain help for all that feel the wound.  
But say, what cause the wond'rous change hath wrought?  
And how these conscious terrors reach'd your thought?

*E V A N-*



*DIALOGUE the THIRD.* 45

*E V A N D E R.*

Some bold assertions tending to degrade  
The great Redeemer, much I am afraid,  
Have rous'd Almighty Vengeance. On my  
mind

The terror flash'd like lightning. Unconfin'd  
It rages: all that's urg'd to ease my pain  
Is driv'n before the storm, and urg'd in vain.

Thus terrible the rushing whirlwind flies,  
Drives the black clouds in heaps along the  
skies;

Shakes the extended plain, with thund'ring  
sound,

And spreads the sturdy oaks along the ground.

With furious blast the craggy rock divides,  
And hurls the shatter'd ruins down its sides!

The mountain scarcely stands——

*Æ N E A S.*

Did you relate,  
These apprehensions, and your present state  
Of mind, all to Mezentus?

*E V A N D E R.*

Yes, I did,  
Without reserve, and nothing from him hid.

*Æ N E A S.*

46 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

*ÆNEAS.*

And what did he advance to ease your grief?

*EVANDER.*

Reason's vast pow'r, and Virtue's sure relief.

*ÆNEAS.*

But from such great assistance did you find,  
No help, no ease, to your afflicted mind?

*EVANDER.*

With his soft pipe as well the whistling  
swain

May still the tempest. Ceaseless is my pain:  
Full on my soul I feel the dreadful load;  
Nothing can help me but a pard'ning God.

*ÆNEAS.*

That such parade of reasoning had no force,  
Does not surprise me. From far other source  
Must spring your comfort, and your case re-  
quires  
Diff'rent advise——

*EVANDER.*

Tho' all my soul retires,  
From those gay themes which reas'ning pride  
inspires,  
And dwells with ceaseless woes; I would not  
have  
You judge too rashly——

*ÆNEAS.*

*Æ N E A S.*

What?—

*E V A N D E R.*

That I'm a slave  
To groundless fears, that flow from reason lost.

*Æ N E A S.*

So far from that, tho' much your mind is  
tost,

I think your reason brightens : in such light, }  
Sinful and wretched, odious to the sight, }  
All see themselves, that see themselves aright, }

*E V A N D E R.*

To swell my guilt vast aggravations join ;  
Mortal ne'er groan'd beneath such guilt as  
mine.

*Æ N E A S.*

Gay nature holds a flatt'ring mirror forth,  
To all her offspring, and proclaims their worth.  
The bright delusion turns the soul aside,  
Fires the young heart, and feeds her native  
pride.

But when God's holy and eternal law  
Bursts on the sinner, he, with shiv'ring awe,  
Sees, like a dream, his moral worth retire ;  
And trembles at the thunder, and the fire.  
Then the commandment comes, his sin appears  
Exceeding sinful ; and, o'ercome with fears,

Instant

48 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Instant he falls and owns its wages, Death.  
This seems your case: but though your ev'ry  
breath

Is drawn with anguish, wheresoe'er you turn,  
As destitute of hope, forbear to mourn;  
Nor yet conclude that some strange lot you find  
Before unknown, uncommon to mankind.  
The best of men have this dark vale pass'd  
through,  
And trembled at their guilt as much as you.

*E V A N D E R.*

Others, with anguish, have their errors  
mourn'd,  
Have seen their danger, and in time return'd.  
But some uncommon wrath will be my doom,  
And some strange vengeance bow me to the  
tomb:  
While the prodigious woes that me abide,  
Will stand the warning of the sons of pride.

*Æ N E A S.*

Your present troubles, tho' they are severe,  
Warrant no such conclusions; nor appear  
Productive of such woes. When the Most  
High  
Exerts his pow'r, to bring his people nigh,  
He frequently assumes an angry form,  
His way is in the whirlwind and the storm:  
From

*DIALOGUE the THIRD.* 45

From such high cause as this must spring your  
grief,

Your state by Sin, your Pride, and Unbelief,  
Thus charg'd upon your Soul, so clear and  
strong

Speaks God's high work, and must to him be-  
long.

*E V A N D E R.*

Such is my own conclusion. Pow'r divine  
Alone can work such wond'rous grief as mine.  
His wrath awak'd, swift rushes on my soul,  
E'en now, methinks, I hear his thunders roll;  
Full on my head the deadly bolt he aims,  
Keen, as his wrath, and wrap'd in ruddy flames:  
What friend, or what deliv'rer, can be found?

*Æ N E A S.*

Deep! wond'rous deep! I know his arrows  
wound,  
But this, tho' sharp the anguish, does not prove  
His wrath awak'd, but rather speaks his love.  
Perhaps, with kindest views, he makes you groan;  
Deep are his ways, his footsteps are unknown.

*E V A N D E R.*

Talk not of kindness, or an happy end,  
The wounds I feel proceed not from a friend.  
But since you think there's help, relate it clear,  
Say, who the Helper is, and tell me where?

F

The



50 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

The bitterness of death I fain would fly,  
If help there is, 'tis time I should apply.

*Æ N E A S.*

When Israel's tribes had spurn'd the servile  
chain,

Insulting Egypt strove to hold in vain ;  
Arabia's mighty desert next they trac'd,  
And rear'd their tents along the dreary waste ;  
But with dismay the devious wild they tread,  
And murm'ring view the rugged way they're  
led ;

Sullen around they cast reproaching eyes,  
And view with stormy look the welt'ring skies.  
But vengeance sleeps not long, for soon on high  
A cloud of dreadful serpents hissing fly,  
Light on the camp and burn with furious ire,  
While their red eye-balls glare with vivid fire :  
With venom'd rage they bite ; their pois'nous  
breath

Inflames the raging wound with certain death.  
The humbled tribes repent, and mourn their  
slain ;

For help, for mercy cry, nor cry in vain.  
Glowing, in polish'd brass, a Serpent stands,  
Rais'd on a pyramid, which heav'n commands,  
To heal the nation ; sight immediate gives  
The wond'rous cure, and the beholder lives.

So

So when the sinner feels the deadly wound,  
And conscious trouble bows him to the ground;  
With cutting anguish draws his ev'ry breath,  
And feels the working poison big with death;  
To Calv'ry's summit could he raise his eye,  
Behold the Cross, and see his Saviour die,  
Immediate ease the healing sight would give,  
There, my Evander, look! there look and  
live.

*E V A N D E R.*

However great his pow'r to heal my woe,  
Let it no more be nam'd; he is my foe.

*Æ N E A S.*

With rapture still I name it, oh, my Friend!  
Slight not the Saviour, but his worth attend:  
Ne'er let your sight from his dear cross remove,  
Behold his deeds, and wonder at his love.

*E V A N D E R.*

His deeds avail not me!

*Æ N E A S.*

They will avail  
Whoe'er believes; his merits never fail.  
His grace alone can all your fears controul,  
And ease the anguish of your troubl'd soul.  
He, when on earth, could with the utmost ease,  
Calm the fierce winds, and quell the foaming  
seas:

52 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

His high commands the roaring billows keep,  
And the check'd tempest dies upon the deep.  
In balmy sleep the Great Redeemer lay,  
While fierce conflicting winds embroil'd the  
sea,

Mad, as the winds, the tossing surges rise,  
Mix with the wheeling clouds, and thunder to  
the skies.

The cordage shines with foam, the dashing  
brine

Floats on the deck, and all events combine  
To swell the seaman's horror ; while each wave  
Seems big with death, and shews a threat'ning  
grave !

They wake the Master ; he with calmest view,  
Marks the mad elements, and trembling crew ;  
Then, " Peace ! be still !" with gentle voice  
he cry'd ;

Strait in smooth eddies rolls the thund'ring  
tide ;

The whist'ling winds obey, the roaring waves  
subside.

Calm are the skies, and clear ; th'obedient sea  
Is in a moment calm, and clear as they.

Ye burden'd souls that mourn your guilt, at-  
tend ;

Behold, your Helper here ! behold your Friend !

He

*DIALOGUE the THIRD.* 53

He holds the pow'r the rage of hell to bind,  
And, instant, still the tempest of the mind.  
One word from him would make all trouble  
cease,  
And fill Evander's heart with conscious peace.

*E V A N D E R.*

Doubtless it would; but favours such as those,  
So great! so rich! belong not to his foes.

*Æ N E A S.*

This glorious Person far exceeds our praise,  
How kind, how wonderful are all his ways!  
Tho' boundless heights his radiant glories rise,  
Flame in the heav'ns, and dazzle all the skies;  
Yet to redeem his foes (amazing love!)  
He left the splendors of his throne above.  
For these he laid aside his starry crown,  
Bow'd the high heav'ns, and cheerfully came  
down

In human form, to save his greatest foes;  
He bare our sins, and their long train of woes:  
He saw the vengeance bursting on our head,  
Stedfast he stood and bare it in our stead.

*E V A N D E R.*

Great is his love indeed! but yet I fear,  
So vile a wretch has no acceptance there.

*Æ N E A S.*

Your sense of vileness, and your deep distress,

Urge you to seek with prospect of success.  
 Sure of relief, the poor and needy go,  
 He favours not the lofty, but the low.  
 Before his throne present your humble pray'r,  
 The burden'd mind is his peculiar care.  
 He is, by his Almighty Sire, assign'd,  
 To heal the soul, the broken heart to bind;  
 To preach glad tidings to the Sons of Woe,  
 To break their chains, and let the pris'ners  
 go;

To comfort all that mourn their evil ways,  
 And fill their drooping hearts with songs of  
 praise;

To shew their full acceptance gain'd at last,  
 And speak the bitter day of vengeance past.  
 To clothe, with righteousness, his ransom'd  
 race,

And make them glorify the God of Grace.

*E V A N D E R.*

This is the anguish, this the venom'd dart,  
 And this the thought that stings me to the  
 heart.

His



*DIALOGUE the THIRD.* 55.

His wond'rous kindness, his amazing love,  
And all his great atchievements to remove  
Our horrid guilt, I boldly durst despise.

*Æ N E A S.*

Then now to better prospects turn your  
eyes.

To th'injur'd God your grateful offerings bring,  
Bow to the Saviour, and confess him King.

*E V A N D E R.*

Oh, that I had in time! but 'tis my fate,  
To see my error and repent too late.

*Æ N E A S.*

If aged sinners, obstinate and bold,  
In ev'ry daring vice confirm'd and old,  
When call'd by Grace, may heav'n's acceptance  
gain;

Can blooming youth be thought to sue in vain?  
Jehovah's lips the precious promise speak,  
"That all shall find him who believing seek."  
Then let all fears and causeless scruples cease,  
And turn to him who stands the only Peace  
That heav'n, or earth, affords Man's fallen  
seed:

Mighty to save! he knows the sinners need,  
And ready stands to help: his glorious name,  
Millions of pardon'd sinners will proclaim.

*The*

56 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

The sinner's surety, and the sinner's boast,  
 The Son and Equal of the Lord of Host.  
 Whate'er the sinner wants, he holds to give;  
 He bids the poor condemn'd delinquent live;  
 Makes the deaf ear receive the sounds that fly,  
 And the weak nerveless cripple leap for joy:  
 From the dark eye-ball clears the films away,  
 And lays it open to the visual ray.  
 He makes the dumb to sing, the dead to rise,  
 Oh, my Evander! turn your eager eyes,  
 To this great Person——

*E V A N D E R.*

How severe must prove  
 The doom of him that slighted all this love!

*Æ N E A S.*

Though to procure the sinner's highest  
 good,  
 The Great Redeemer freely pour'd his blood;  
 Without concern the wretch beholds him  
 bleed,  
 Nor asks the blessing till he sees his need.  
 He, self-sufficient, seeks to scale the skies,  
 His works, like mountains, pil'd on mountains,  
 rise;  
 Till Heav'n these structures low in ruin lays,  
 And whelms such builders in the heaps they raise.  
 Such

*DIALOGUE the THIRD.* 57

Such was my Friend; but now diviner light  
Dawns on your soul, and shews your former  
night;

Now is the time Almighty Grace to prove;  
Now is the time to seek the Saviour's love.



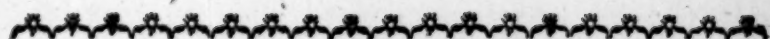
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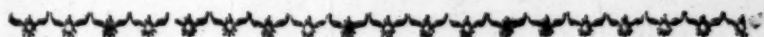
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GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the FOURTH.





## The ARGUMENT.

*Sylvia, finding Evander unaffected with whatever had been advanced by his friends to give him consolation, resumes the subject; and endeavours to quiet his mind with the thoughts of the goodness of the Deity, his paternal tenderness and readiness to forgive, and the extent of Christ's Redemption.*

# GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

## DIALOGUE the FOURTH.

*EVANDER. SYLVIA.*

*S Y L V I A.*

**I**T much surprises me, and all that know,  
That you continue obstinate in woe,  
And resolutely wretched. For my sake,  
My dear Evander, strive, ah! strive, to take  
Better advice.——

*E V A N D E R.*

Could any earthly thing  
Increase my woe, or make my sorrow sting  
With greater force, it were the heavy share  
My Sylvia bears in this uncommon care:  
But that great Grief, the tyrant of my breast,  
Dreadfully frowns, and swallows all the rest.

*S Y L V I A.*

It seems in me presumptuous to pretend  
To chase your sorrows, when each wiser friend  
Hath prov'd successless: but behold this page  
By Heav'n inscrib'd, and which I dare engage  
You'll not deny. This would direct your  
course  
To heav'nly Mercy's high eternal source;

G

Where

62 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Where the Great Father of Creation stands,  
Love in his eye, and pardon in his hands :  
His tender heart with kind compassion burns,  
And melts to meet the sinner that returns.

*E V A N D E R.*

The more severe, and bitter is his doom,  
For whom this vast provision makes no room ;  
Who fall'n, below divine Compassion, lies,  
Nor will a pitying God regard his cries ;  
Though high above the Heav'ns his mercies  
shine,  
Ready to pardon ev'ry sin but mine !

*S Y L V I A.*

Take heed, Evander, lest you backward run,  
And blindly tread the paths you mean to shun :  
For surely none can more insult the sky,  
Than he who Heav'n's rich mercy dares deny.

*E V A N D E R.*

The Pow'r that knows all hearts can witness  
mine,  
Was ne'er inclin'd his mercy to confine ;  
But though this heav'nly fair all-glorious  
rise,  
Her feet on earth, her stature fills the skies ;  
Yet in her hand no kind assistance lies

For

For such as I——

*S Y L V I A.*

They are your groundless fears  
Which make you think so; but the case ap-  
pears

Far otherwise to his unerring sight,  
To whom the night is day, and darkness  
light.

For as Heav'n's starry arch, and azure skies  
Above the earth in glorious grandeur rise;  
So is the King, who claims eternal praise,  
More high in thought, more perfect in his ways  
Than mortal Man. Hence though these trou-  
bles may

Break your repose, and clouds o'ercast your  
day,

His steady eye beholds your constant care  
Through the thick gloom, and sees you as you  
are.

*E V A N D E R.*

Yes, without doubt, he sees me black as  
Hell.

*S Y L V I A.*

To use such strange expressions is not well.  
Let me intreat, Evander, that no more  
You'll thus distress me: why should you deplore

64 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Your errors without Hope? think what rich aid  
And full provision Heav'n's high King hath  
made

For Man's salvation. Seek his grace and live;  
Readier than we to ask, is he to give.  
If then his mercy will not ease your care,  
Seek the Redeemer.—

*E V A N D E R.*

Justly I despair

Assistance from that quarter.—

*S Y L V I A.*

Strange, indeed!

When in Truth's sacred volume you may read,  
He died for all mankind: this truth, confess'd,  
Swells the fair page, and shines above the rest.

*E V A N D E R.*

When Hell's extended jaws, with fiery breath,  
Horribly grin, and menace double death;  
Then, yawning wide, receive the guilty throng,  
In a black rolling tempest whirl'd along  
From Heav'n's august tribunal: wrath divine  
Flames in the rear, and thick the flashes shine,  
Urge the dire train along the fiery way,  
Plunge in th'abyss, and drive them from the  
day:  
View the descending throng, my Love, and  
say,

Are



*DIALOGUE the FOURTH.* 65

Are these redeem'd by the incarnate God?  
Are these the purchase of a Saviour's blood?

*S Y L V I A.*

When royal bounty spreads the princely store,  
A bold enquiry ill becomes the poor:  
What mortal then should cold objections bring,  
Against the gifts of heav'n's all-gracious King?  
Receive the good, and take it as it lies;  
He that enquires too nicely is not wise.  
Then as it stands reveal'd your comfort view;  
He died for all, and therefore must for you.

*E V A N D E R.*

Yet what avails it? though he died for all,  
If, notwithstanding, some of these may fall  
To endless burning? no relief I see,  
But still may perish, though he died for me.

*S Y L V I A.*

But then the fault is yours, and not in  
Heav'n.

*E V A N D E R.*

And is that fault committed? this hath giv'n  
The blow that wounds me deepest. Heav'nly  
love,  
In all its forms successless, seeks to move

66 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

His horrid guilt that hath God's grace with-  
stood,

And scorn'd the merit of a Saviour's blood.

S Y L V I A.

Fain would I urge some thought that might  
appease

Your raging griefs, and lull your cares to ease;  
But so determin'd in this way you go,

And with such eager steps pursue your woe,

That I despair success. Not more afraid

The bird of night, to see Heav'n's light dis-  
play'd,

When op'ning morn she shuns, and plunges  
in the shade,

Than you to view Heav'n's love! While thus  
you shun

Whate'er yourself, whate'er your God has  
done;

Resist the aid which heav'nly love bestows,

And plunge, determin'd, into deeper woes.

'Tis not in me to ease your anxious mind,

Or give that peace you will not seek to find:

I know not what your restless wish requires,

Nor can yourself explain your strange desires.

E V A N D E R.

From Error's fountain such conclusions flow,  
For, with the highest certainty, I know

The bitter root from which my sorrows grow;

And

*DIALOGUE the FOURTH.* 67

And the great good I want, which, could I  
gain,

Would, in a moment, ease me of my pain.

*S Y L V I A.*

I'm very glad this blessing is so near  
As to be clearly known; and beg to hear,  
Evander, what it is? —

*E V A N D E R.*

Knowledge of guilt  
Is the fix'd base on which my woes are built.  
Now what would overthrow the whole dire  
train

Is knowledge of forgiveness: could I gain  
So great a favour, soon, on fiery wing,  
My soul would mount, and of salvation sing.

*S Y L V I A.*

And by what means expect you to obtain  
Such knowledge?

*E V A N D E R.*

Ah, my Sylvia! 'tis in vain  
To think about it. That the Saviour gives  
So great a blessing to the best that lives  
Admits dispute! But, were such gifts bestow'd,  
Enormous guilt restrains the fav'ring God  
From finding me: yet my tormented breast,  
Without such knowledge ne'er can be at rest.

*S Y L.*

S Y L V I A.

I blame you much for fixing your desire  
 On what you must be hopeless to acquire.  
 If hope in God would sure relief afford,  
 That you may gain ; he gives it in his word.  
 If above this your restless wishes rise,  
 Check the absurd presumption, and be wise ;  
 Beyond th'appointed means no sure assistance  
 lies.

Should, from the tombs, some awful form  
 arise,

Or, swift descend an angel from the skies,  
 To bring your pardon ; such celestial aid  
 Might not with a prevailing pow'r persuade :  
 Some quibble, doubt, or scruple might remain ;  
 The dead might rise, or Heav'n descend in  
 vain.

E V A N D E R.

Tho' no such hope is my remotest view,  
 Still must my soul this single point pursue :  
 Forgiveness only can remove my smart,  
 Nor will the bare conjecture ease my heart.  
 A certain knowledge Heav'n denies to give,  
 Yet that I want ; nor can without it live.  
 Thus the poor trav'ler, that pursues his way  
 Through the vast desert, brown with Phœbus'  
 ray ;

When

*DIALOGUE the FOURTH.* 69

When welt'ring in the bright, descending beams,  
Thinks of green fields, and cool refreshing  
streams,

The mossy fountain, and the bubbling spring,  
Arch'd with thick shades, in which the warblers  
sing;

He meditates beneath the burning sky,  
Pants for the stream, and he must drink, or die.



GRACE



THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED THE

REMARKABLE EVENTS OF HIS REIGN

AND THE DEATH OF HIS SON

CHARLES THE SECOND

BY JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, in Strand

1699

By Authority

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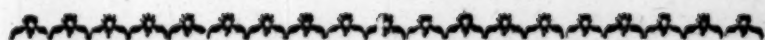
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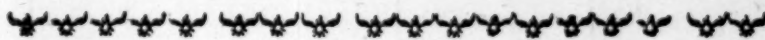
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# GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE *the* FIFTH.



## The A R G U M E N T.

*Mezentus again endeavours to dispel the heavy gloom that overshades his disconsolate friend. With this design he denies the Fall of Man, will not admit of the notion of eternal punishment, and urges a dependance upon Divine Mercy. But finding Evander unaffected with the force of such considerations, he concludes, that his distress arises from a melancholy disposition, and advises to chearful company and gay amusements.*

# GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

## DIALOGUE the FIFTH.

*EVANDER. MEZENTUS.*

*MEZENTUS.*

**I**NDEED, my Friend, I think you much to  
blame,

That you resolutely pursue the same  
Dejected course. Not one beneath the sky,  
Would more sincerely join your grief than I,  
If there was reason. But the virtuous mind  
To dull dejection should not be inclin'd,  
For she through thought's wide field may  
wander unconfin'd;

May trace the heart's profound recess, nor fear  
To face whatever lies in secret there:  
With pleasure all around may cast her eye,  
And view her smiling offspring, Peace and Joy:  
Exulting see her noble building rise,  
And from its summit gain her native skies.

*EVANDER.*

Had white-rob'd Innocence ne'er left our  
plains,  
But dwelt she still where black Pollution reigns,

H

Most

74 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

Most just were your remarks. But since dire  
Guilt

Has thrown the fabric down which Virtue built,  
Amidst these wide-spread ruins she in vain,  
On this foundation, seeks to build again -  
Before the ground be clear'd.

M E Z E N T U S.

What some suppose  
Of Nature's fall, and its attendant woes  
I apprehend erroneous. Heav'n's high King  
Would ne'er permit such dreadful ills to spring  
Within his vast dominions: if they may,  
He rules the universe with careless sway.

E V A N D E R.

As he hath giv'n the choice of good or ill,  
Without compulsion to the human will;  
If these free beings plunge in endless flame,  
Who the Great Ruler of the skies can blame?

M E Z E N T U S.

Behold the frame of Nature; think how fair,  
How curious and exact its movements are.  
To day's great Monarch turn your wond'ring  
fight,  
Intense he burns, and flames with dazzling  
light;  
The solar system fills with boundless day,  
And deep, in Night's dark bosom, shoots his ray.  
Around



Around his throne the circling planets run,  
And each, far-wheeling, owns the cent'ral sun;  
Lightly he seems to skim along the sky,  
Though mountains, kingdoms, continents, on  
him lie.

Vast forests wave along his shaggy sides,  
And oceans roll around him as he rides;  
The howling wind with ceaseless fury blows,  
And rob'd in hov'ring clouds and storms he  
goes.

Black on one side, as night, he takes his way,  
The other shines in all the beams of day.  
Thus swift he whirls along the heav'nly road,  
And bears, through Æther, the prodigious load;  
Nor yet at large with careless course they fly,  
'Through fields of space, the vagrants of the  
sky,

But each his orb regards with due concern,  
And keeps the destin'd hour of his return.  
So nice hath Nature's all-creating King  
Contriv'd her wheels, and balanc'd ev'ry spring;  
So carefully adjusted all her round,  
And with such force her airy circles bound.  
But can the nat'ral world such care employ,  
And his more perfect work, the moral, lie  
So ruinous? shall that which needs it most,  
For want of prudent government, be lost?

76      *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Would he, whose laws the universe confin'd,  
At random leave the movements of the mind?  
Can he, whose goodness through creation runs,  
Neglect the care of his peculiar sons,  
And let such poison in their nature grow,  
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe?  
Absurd, and monstrous!—

*E V A N D E R.*

But the great first Cause,  
Governs not moral agents by those laws  
That bind material objects—

*M E Z E N T U S.*

I suppose  
That all created life joins to compose  
One mighty system, one stupendous chain  
Of varied being; not one order vain  
In the vast Whole, which rises from the clod  
Of lifeless matter to th'eternal God:  
Who at the head of his creation stands,  
And holds the chain of Being in his hands;  
In ev'ry part exact, complete, and full,  
And all conspires to form a perfect Whole.

*E V A N D E R.*

What place in this great chain do you suppose  
Man occupies?—

*M E Z E N T U S.*

That the Creator knows,  
Whose

*DIALOGUE the FIFTH.* 77

Whose eye takes in the whole: but in the  
throng

Can we suppose he plac'd this creature wrong?  
He seems the narrow isthmus that divides  
Two mighty oceans, and their swelling tides:  
Matter and Spirit meet, with ceaseless roar,  
And break their billows on his little shore;  
At diff'rent times so much to each he bends,  
We scarce know what he is, or where he tends.  
But this we know, whatever place he fills,  
He firmly stands secure from all those ills  
Which most apparently would undermine  
His end of Being, and his whole design  
In the creation. If we grant there may,  
One race of beings e'er be torn away  
From its fix'd station, first by Heav'n assign'd,  
God's moral government is undermin'd,  
And chain of being broken. Hence would  
spring  
Horrible discord: Heav'n's eternal King  
No longer governs in his vast domain,  
But uproar wide, and mad confusion reign.

*E V A N D E R.*

However plausible this scheme may seem,  
It answers not to facts; and these I deem  
No reas'ning can o'erturn. God's wondrous  
plan

Its height and depth can ne'er be reach'd by man.

78 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

All clear it lies before the Great Unknown,  
 But clouds and darkness hover round his throne.  
 Deep in his bosom lies his great decree,  
 Nor can his vast designs be known by thee:  
 Such giddy heights we mortals blindly soar,  
 And idly reason but to err the more.  
 Submit we then to what's reveal'd: and here,  
 Two orders of created life appear,  
 Perverted from their first design, and thrown  
 From heights of bliss, to depths of woe unknown.

Against them both Almighty vengeance burns,  
 And Heav'n's averted favour ne'er returns,  
 But ever barr'd are all the doors of bliss:  
 What link in your eternal chain is this?

*M E Z E N T U S.*

What the fall'n angels' crime, and what their  
 doom;  
 Or what the state of man beyond the tomb;  
 What punishment for flagrant vice prepar'd;  
 Or how bright virtue meets her just reward;  
 Are subjects far above the human mind,  
 Dim to the present, to the future blind.  
 Why should we then such dark conclusions raise  
 As injure heav'nly goodness? Let us praise  
 The Great Creator: all his works are fair,  
 And all partake of his paternal care.

To



To punish Vice, and Virtue to reward,  
Without such dire extremes, are his regard.  
The end of things our thoughts in vain pursue,  
Nor can we his extent of empire view ;  
But till his goodness gives us clearer light,  
Here let us rest, " Whatever is, is right."

*E V A N D E R.*

A thorny pillow this must be at best,  
On such my weary mind can take no rest ;  
Far other strains to my poor soul belong,  
In her, alas ! Whatever is, is wrong.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

Just hov'ring o'er the margin of the main,  
See yon bright Queen that leads the starry  
train,  
And mark her course along th'ætherial plain. }  
At first she drives, obliquely, down the skies,  
Where the broad Zodiac's winding circle lies :  
Swift o'er the star-pav'd road we see her run,  
And, far behind, she leaves the lagging sun.  
But, soon relenting, checks her eager pace,  
Beholds the God, and waits his warm embrace.  
Nor long she waits, but lavish of her charms,  
Turns her swift course, and runs into his arms.  
Thence quick emerging from such floods of  
light,  
She backward runs, and seeks the silent night ;  
Pursues



30 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Pursues the ancient dame ; and as she goes  
 A silver edge on her dark mantle throws.  
 Before the blushing morn we see her rise,  
 Blaze all around, and kindle half the skies.  
 Along th'inverted signs she takes her way,  
 Awakes the dawn, and chides the tardy day.  
 But suddenly she lags ; she stops ; she turns,  
 And now afresh for day's bright monarch burns :  
 Swift down the heav'nly hill we see her spring  
 With gath'ring force, to the retreating king.  
 Thus to our erring sight the dame appears—  
 While to his eye who whirls the radiant spheres,  
 With unremitting speed, she's seen to run  
 In one bright circle round the cent'ral sun.  
 Such are the ways of man : his actions tend,  
 As it appears to us, to cross the end  
 Of his creation. But his careless course  
 Is by his Maker bound with steady force,  
 And to its end, by sov'reign pow'r confin'd ;  
 A part we see, but to the whole are blind.

*E V A N D E R.*

Such fine-spun reas'nings may amuse and  
 please  
 The sportive fancy, when the mind's at ease ;  
 But in the day of trouble, when we need  
 Some sure support, they leave us poor indeed !

As

*DIALOGUE the FIFTH.* 81

As well a falling column may recline  
On a weak cobweb, as this soul of mine  
Rest on such airy dreams. Alas, she drops!  
Nor can she lean upon such feeble props.  
Her reason, knowledge, virtue, all her boast,  
Sink into nothing; for she must be lost!  
And lost for ever! Thus her fears presage,  
And such the language of the sacred Page.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

If virtuous men, the temp'rate and the just,  
The chaste, the wise and good, must die ac-  
curst;

If error's paths, thro' human frailty trod,  
Can rouse the vengeance of a righteous God;  
In heav'nly estimation, tell me where  
The sons of Lust and Violence appear?  
The wretch that marks his way with scenes of  
blood,

All Vice pursues, and treads down ev'ry good;  
While daring heights his oaths and curses rise,  
Blast all around him, and blaspheme the skies.

*E V A N D E R.*

I, by comparison, shall not be try'd,  
Nor can, by others crimes, be justify'd.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

But tell me what you think of Heav'n's Su-  
preme:

Is he all fire and fury? not one beam

Of

82 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

Of heav'nly mercy? no forgiv'ness found,  
Nor soft relentings in his heart abound?  
Does angry Vengeance fill the blest abode?  
And is there no compassion in a God?

E V A N D E R.

Tho' great his mercy, Justice bears me  
down.

M E Z E N T U S.

If the Most High can ne'er on mercy frown,  
But, like a star, she glitters in his crown;  
Some way to act, 'tis plain, she must explore;  
If such she finds not, Mercy is no more:  
But frowning Justice would terrific rise,  
And Mercy sink, degraded from the skies.

E V A N D E R.

Mercy has found a way in which she shines  
Supremely bright: but who that way declines,  
Despises and denies, must be content  
To take the consequence. 'Tis this hath rent  
My hope and peace; and my alarmed breast,  
Without forgiv'ness, ne'er can be at rest:  
Nor will the bare conjecture serve my turn,  
But all my pow'rs for certain knowledge burn.

M E Z E N T U S.

Unthankful Man! how coldly he receives  
The various good his bounteous Maker gives!

He

He makes thee Lord of all, by his decree,  
 And bids his whole creation bow to thee.  
 For thee the sun, for thee the planets shine,  
 All that the teeming earth brings forth is thine.  
 For thee, the plains display their flow'ry robe,  
 And oceans roll to waft thee round the globe:  
 But, discontented still, thy murmurs rise;  
 With gloomy look thou view'st the smiling skies:  
 Staining with foul reproach th'eternal throne,  
 Thou dar'st to pine for what he gives to none.  
 And thus resolv'd to murmur and complain,  
 Suns shine, plains smile, and oceans roll, in  
 vain.

*E V A N D E R.*

The Sov'reign Lord of all things ne'er de-  
 sign'd,  
 With earthly good to fill an empty mind:  
 Nor can (whatever random schemes are built)  
 Nature's bright smiles dispel the frowns of  
 guilt.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

Much you mistake the fountain of your woes:  
 It is not guilt from whence your trouble flows;  
 But the disorder lurks amongst your blood,  
 The heart moves slow; it struggles with its  
 load,  
 And in each art'ry lags the lazy flood.

Distressing



84 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Distressing thoughts, in consequence, we find,  
For oft the body dictates to the mind.  
Hence fears so weak, so wild, are on you  
brought,

The froth of fancy, and the foam of thought !

*E V A N D E R.*

Perhaps they're not so light.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

——I must declare

The cause of all your griefs is light as air;  
Hath no existence but what fancy gives,  
And only in your own idea lives.  
But, be yourself; scorn to be thus confin'd;  
Assert the native freedom of your mind.  
Rouse your neglected reason; nor disdain  
The friendly pow'r that seeks to break your chain.  
Shake off all dulness; seek your chearful friends,  
And frequent chearful places.

*E V A N D E R.*

——To what tends,

To ease my anxious heart it would be wise  
To lend an ear; but what you now advise  
Is the reverse, would not at all assuage  
My rising griefs, but give them greater rage.  
Oh ! how I long to find celestial aid,  
Deep in the bosom of some awful shade;  
Beneath the aged Oak, whose stately form  
Long stood the blust'ring of the winter storm :

But



But with consuming cent'ries worn away,  
 Stands great in age, and noble in decay:  
 The short pale moss his various fractures hides,  
 Dark ivy creeps around his rotten sides;  
 While the bare arms expanded to the skies,  
 Above the trunk in awful ruin rise:  
 There the hoarse raven croaks the day along;  
 Within the screech-owl hovers o'er her young;  
 There by some winding brook that murm'ring  
     flows,  
 I'd look to Heav'n, and pour out all my woes.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

Your choice bespeaks your present turn of  
 mind:

Yet long, I hope, you will not be confin'd  
 To grief and dulness: but great Reason's ray  
 Will break upon you with a flood of day,  
 Dispel the gloom, and chace your griefs away. }  
 And that the happy time may soon begin,  
 Think on your virtue, and forget your sin.

*E V A N D E R.*

If so to think my grievance could redress,  
 Or heal my soul, I had not known distress.  
 There was a time, and since it is not long,  
 I knew no sin; and thought my virtue strong,  
 Mighty to save, whene'er it should be try'd,  
 And, rich in thought, I gloried in my pride.

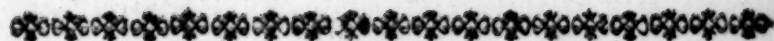
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But

86      *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

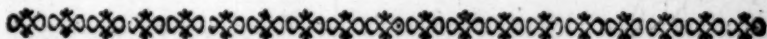
But now, this building thunders on my head,  
 And what I thought my glory strikes me dead.  
 The merchant thus, on India's golden shores,  
 His stately pinnace freights with costly stores ;  
 Then the white canvas spreads to catch the  
          breeze,  
 And smoothly glides along the level seas ;  
 His rich invoices counts with conscious pride,  
 And thus exulting shoots along the tide.  
 But soon the prospect darkens ; ere his eyes  
 Behold Good-Hope's promont'ry dusky rise,  
 Black clouds and storms obscure the chearful sky,  
 Deep thunders roar, and flashing lightnings fly :  
 The gushing tempest sweeps along the sea,  
 And scarce his vessel rides the foaming way ;  
 Aghast he views the horrors of the main,  
 And trembling sees his trust become his bane ;  
 But lest his weighty stores should make his grave,  
 He plunges all his wealth beneath the wave.

GRACE



# GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the SIXTH.



## The ARGUMENT.

*Æneas, in order to give Evander a clear view of the way of Salvation by Christ, lays before him the state of all mankind by Nature, and insists on the necessity of Regeneration. He maintains the freeness and sovereignty of Grace, and again advises to seek the Redeemer. Evander, though he is deeply convinced of sin, sees something of the Glory of Christ, and feels this doctrine suitable to his case, can by no means be persuaded to accept of a free Salvation.*

# GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

## DIALOGUE the SIXTH.

*EVANDER. ÆNEAS.*

*E V A N D E R.*

**I**S there no hope? no way to still the storm  
Of wrath divine? Is there no method left  
To calm this tumult, and make peace with  
God?

Ah, none! no ray of light! but darkness wide,  
Eternal darkness, closes on my soul!

Naked, defenceless, and forlorn I stand,  
Aghast, and shiv'ring! while the frowning skies  
Low'r horror o'er my head, earth shakes be-  
neath me;

The vengeful lightnings in the Zenith blaze,  
And the big tempest bursting from the skies,  
Pours its full roar upon me.—Could I find,  
Or hope to find, a refuge from this rage,  
A covert from the tempest and the storm,  
How would the thought revive me! but I sink  
Deeper and deeper in this gulph of woe.

Oh, that the pow'r which measures out our  
days,

And governs life and death, would grant my  
wish!



90 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Quite spent with grief, and pressed down with  
woes,

Fain would I shelter in Death's peaceful shade,  
And hide me in the grave. There anguish  
sleeps,

And there the weary rest. But ah, what rest?  
If the immortal Spirit lives through Death,  
And blazes, instant, forth with brighter fires,  
Vig'rous and strong to bear eternal pain.

Oh, what a state! and how the prospect shakes  
me!

To be for ever banish'd from the day,  
And plung'd in utter darkness! To lie accurs'd  
Under the frown of Heav'n! To feel the force  
Of his full-vollied wrath, whose pow'rful hand  
Can shake the basis of the universe,  
And dash the earth to atoms! Then to mix  
With horrid demons, who, being stung with  
rage,

And mad with anguish, fling about the flames;  
Fill Hell with uproar, gnashing, bite the ground,  
And, storming, curse the skies from whence they  
fell!

Though barely possible, a state like this  
Might make the harden'd Sinner wildly stare,  
Drop pleasure's cup, untasted, from his lip,  
And startle into madness. But if sure,

Is

Is there a wretch so hardy that he can  
 Admit the thought and live? And is that state  
 Thus sure to me? Eternal King, forbid!  
 Forbid it, all ye awful Pow'rs divine!  
 If yet compassion dwells in heav'nly breasts,  
 Oh, save me from distraction! give me hope!  
 But still, what hope? Is not the dreadful God,  
 Whom I offended, resolutely just?  
 Are not his awful Justice, and his Truth,  
 And every attribute divine, engag'd  
 To vindicate the honour of his throne,  
 And punish such as I?—But hold, my soul!  
 Nor headlong plunge into that vast destruction  
 To which this path would lead me. All this  
     anguish

Arises from reflecting on myself.  
 Of this *Æneas* warn'd me, and advis'd  
 To seek the Great Redeemer. Could I hope  
 To find acceptance, gladly would I seek.  
 Yet who can tell? Perhaps this glorious Person,  
 Who sac'd eternal Justice in man's stead,  
 And pour'd his blood to save him; if I seek,  
 Now ev'ry refuge fails, and ev'ry hope,  
 And in the last extremity pour out  
 My soul in all the bitterness of grief  
 Before his throne; will grant one ray of light,  
 One glimpse to lead me thro' this horrid darkness,  
     That

92 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

That may indeed be felt.—But why should I  
 Expect relief from him? What gen'rous mind,  
 So basely treated, could I supplicate  
 In my distress, that would not in a moment  
 Flame with resentment, and disdain to hear?  
 How then can I expect it from a God,  
 Equal in dignity, command, and pow'r,  
 With heav'n's Eternal, Infinite, Supreme?  
 A God, dishonour'd, disobey'd, and scorn'd!  
 Yet as the case now stands, 'tis Wisdom's voice  
 That bids me seek. No other pow'r can help,  
 If I refuse to ask his potent aid,  
 I surely perish: worse I shall not find,  
 Or deeper fall, if he refuse to hear.  
 Oh, would he kindly condescend to give,  
 But the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful hope  
 That my eternal ruin is not fix'd,  
 But still I stand within the reach of Mercy!  
 From the reviving thought my soul would take  
 Fresh courage, and with patience wait his will.  
 His holy word this question must resolve.  
 Ready at hand the sacred volume lies;  
 And though I tremble to behold the page,  
 Whose thund'ring threats so oft have shook my  
     soul,  
 Resolv'd I open and attend my doom.  
 Say, Thou, great Fountain of eternal Truth!  
                                           Thou

Thou only Saviour found for fallen Man!  
 Whose Spirit lives and breathes in every line  
 Of this bless'd Book; Oh, say! is't possible  
 A wretch so vile may 'scape thy vengeful ire,  
 And gain thy high forgiveness? Quick as thought  
 The ready answer, like the lightning's blaze,  
 Flashes upon me: "If thou can'st believe,  
 "All things are possible to him that believeth."  
 The open'd book, and my directed eye  
 Catches the question, instantaneous, thus,  
 And gives so strange an answer. Chance, I  
 think,

This cannot be. But what it means I know  
 not:

I ne'er observ'd the sacred page to hold  
 Such words as these, and now they much con-  
 found me.

Why should believing such acceptance gain,  
 And claim such wond'rous favour? Strange, in-  
 deed!

*EVANDER. ÆNEAS.*

*ÆNEAS.*

I grieve, my Friend, to hear you still com-  
 plain,  
 And that my last advice was urg'd in vain.

None



94 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

None but the Great Redeemer of our race  
 Can give relief to man, in such a case.  
 I hop'd, ere now, your suppliant soul had found  
 A cure from him, for that corrosive wound  
 That gives your pain——

*E V A N D E R.*

Whene'er I raise my eyes  
 To the Redeemer, I behold him rise  
 Dreadfully grand, intolerably bright;  
 He flashes on me like a blaze of light:  
 On his dread Majesty I trembling gaze,  
 And all my soul is shriv'led with his rays.  
 Methinks I view keen lightning in his eye,  
 And see the ruddy flames of vengeance fly,  
 To blast the guilty wretch that durst his grace  
 deny.

*Æ N E A S.*

The fulgent King of day oft have I known,  
 When the broad horizon supports his throne,  
 A fiery orb that swells upon the sight,  
 Wrapt in red flame, and glowing crimson light:  
 But when he drives his burning wheels on high,  
 And, shining, gains the summit of the sky,  
 With milder glories crown'd, and brighter  
 beams,  
 Smiling along the heav'nly arch he flames.

So



So when the Great Redeemer first appears,  
To the poor Sinner, trembling with his fears,  
In vestures dip'd in blood he sees him rise,  
The hope of earth, and glory of the skies!  
He sees, but trembles at his awful nod,  
Glowing with wrath, and dreadful seems the  
God.

But soon the Saviour shews a milder face,  
Free in his love, and boundless in his grace:  
He then with rapture sees him mount on high,  
And all his soul expanding swells with joy.

*E V A N D E R.*

Dreadful he seems, indeed! oh, could I say,  
This is the morning of a glorious day!  
But Guilt, dire Guilt o'erwhelms—

*Æ N E A S.*

'Twas Guilt that stood,  
The only reason why he pour'd his blood:  
And when his grace the saving stream applies,  
Full in our view he makes this monster rise;  
In his own hateful form the Fiend appears,  
And frights the soul oppress'd with chilling  
fears.

Her ev'ry former hiding-place she tries;  
The Demon close pursues her as she flies;

Till

Till hunted out where'er she seeks to hide,  
At last she gladly runs to him that died.

E V A N D E R.

But can this great redemption be apply'd  
To such bold crimes as mine? —

Æ N E A S.

No guilt so great  
As the Redeemer's goodness to defeat,  
Nor yours more great than mine. On all man-  
kind,

This dire contagion rages; and we find  
Not one exempt. Before th'eternal throne  
All mouths are stopp'd; and all their guilt must  
own.

Adam's first fall corrupted all his sons;  
In ev'ry stream the bitter fountain runs,  
Nor love, nor wrath, Man's innate madness  
quells,

But all his father in his soul rebels.

All are, by Heav'n's unalterable word,  
Concluded under sin. None are prefer'd,  
As in themselves more worthy. Equal here,  
The most refin'd, the most exact appear,  
And the most guilty of our fallen race;  
Whoe'er is sav'd, must still be sav'd by grace,

And

And come to Christ, as sinful.

*E V A N D E R.*

Such discourse

I always look'd upon as void of force,  
 And libellous on nature. Grant her fall;  
 Can she be absolutely lost to all  
 That's wise and good, while Heav'n against  
         her turns,  
 And points to where eternal Vengeance burns?  
 The worthy names that swell the heathen page,  
 And virtuous men in this enlighten'd age,  
 Speak better things; and Nature seems more  
         fair,  
 The work of God, and worthy of his care.

*Æ N E A S.*

When, with his train, the great Jehovah flies,  
 In chariots of salvation down the skies,  
 He fills the Heav'ns with brightness, Earth with  
         praise,  
 And low in dust all Man's perfection lays:  
 No flesh may glory in his presence; he  
 Stands full resolv'd, it is his fix'd decree,  
 In triumph o'er the haughty heart to ride,  
 And stain the glory of all human pride.  
 Hence 'tis proclaim'd, and by his awful nod,  
 The stamp of Heav'n, the sanction of a God,

K

It

## GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

It stands enforc'd : the skies revere the sound,  
And bear the sentence all the globe around ;  
That none of Adam's sons can see his face,  
Except they're born again, by pow'rful Grace.

E V A N D E R.

But is there nothing truly worthy found,  
And pleasing to her God, on Nature's ground ?

Æ N E A S.

Where the renowned Tyber rolls his flood,  
Majestic Rome in matchless grandeur stood ;  
And though her glory's now in ruin thrown,  
Yet the fall'n column and the mould'ring stone,  
The moss-grown marble, the inscription blind,  
The headless statue, and the tow'r reclin'd,  
Such traces shew, though in confusion hurl'd,  
As speak her once the Mistress of the World.  
So Human Nature, tho' she's wholly lost  
To all the glories Innocence can boast,  
Majestic, tho' in awful ruin, stands,  
And shews plain marks of her Creator's hands ;  
Still in her frame such curious touches shine  
As speak her great original Divine.  
Her ancient rectitude and glory tell,  
And shew the god-like height from which she  
fell.

But as the ruins of triumphant Rome,  
Could ne'er be brought to form a stately dome,  
Without



*DIALOGUE the SIXTH.* 99

Without fresh workmanship; thus Nature lies,  
So ruinous in her great Maker's eyes,  
Her works can ne'er be pleasing to his view,  
Till by his sov'reign pow'r she's form'd anew.

*E V A N D E R.*

That e'er unerring Wisdom should bring  
forth,

What needs amendment, or a second birth,  
I apprehend not. But, as you maintain  
This fact as certain, make it also plain;  
And say, how the great Sov'reign of the skies,  
Proceeds to make this new creation rise.

*Æ N E A S.*

As some great artist, by his structure known,  
To suit his business rends the rugged stone;  
And having smooth'd it to his purpose, lays  
In the fair edifice he means to raise:  
So the great Architect, the King of Grace,  
From Nature's ruins takes his chosen race;  
From the rude mountain's flinty forehead torn,  
Thro' the wide, howling, dusty desert borne  
By pow'r divine, and plac'd in his own land,  
He makes the rough, relentless marble stand;  
Moulds to his sov'reign Will, and deigns to raise,  
Of such rude stones, a temple to his praise.  
A structure form'd, the former to excel,  
And in this temple condescends to dwell.



*E V A N D E R.*

But in this work thus rising at his nod,  
How may we trace the finger of the God?

*Æ N E A S.*

When great Jehovah, from his awful throne  
Descends with pow'r, and makes his presence  
known,

To save the Sinner, like a two-edg'd sword,  
Shining and sharp, he makes his quick'ning  
word;

By his own Spirit, is his word apply'd,  
And his first stroke is level'd at our pride.

While we resist he follows on the blow,  
Breaks the stout heart, and lays the Sinner low.  
Stung with the wound, and raging with the  
pain,

He seeks all Nature through, but seeks in vain,  
For help to set his guilty spirit free;  
But all Creation cries, "'Tis not in me."

His conscious wound, with growing anguish  
burns,

Till, to the scorn'd Redeemer, he returns.  
The Great Redeemer hears his earnest cries,  
And drives his love-pay'd chariot down the  
skies :

Comes

*DIALOGUE the SIXTH.* 101

Comes to his succour; pardons all his sin;  
All bright and glorious makes him shine within;  
Implants the principles he can approve,  
Gives a new heart, and fills his soul with love.  
This love excludes all fear: then he obeys,  
With sweet delight, and walks in Wisdom's  
ways.

With growing joy, he owns his native loss,  
And glories in the doctrine of the Cross.

*E V A N D E R.*

Happy indeed, should my strong terrors tend,  
To so desirable, so great an end!  
But all my soul, my heart, and thoughts are  
such,  
It seems too large, too glorious, and too much  
For such as I to hope——

*Æ N E A S.*

This heav'nly prize  
Exceeds conception; and its glories rise,  
Where Hope not dares to soar. Yet this is  
giv'n,  
By the rich bounty of indulgent Heav'n.  
'Tis not by works that we have done; yet still  
A sov'reign God bestows. And if he will,  
He gives it to the vilest and the worst,  
While the full fountain streams for all that  
thirst.

No longer then delay his Grace to prove,  
Take the rich gift, and taste his pard'ning  
Love.

*E V A N D E R.*

Can God love such as I?—

*Æ N E A S.*

Why not, my Friend?

*E V A N D E R.*

Can God love sin, or unbelief commend?

*Æ N E A S.*

He always sin beholds with angry face,  
But loves the sinner that receives his Grace.

*E V A N D E R.*

In other light his word this notion states,  
He loves the Righteous, but the Wicked hates.

*Æ N E A S.*

But in what region, clime, or on what  
ground,

Say, my Evander! are the Righteous found?

*E V A N D E R.*

Yet if our nature no perfection knows,  
But this fair plant in brighter regions grows;  
Does not obedience in the human race  
Cause God's high love, and go before his  
Grace?

*Æ N E A S.*

Æ N E A S.

Without his Grace none can obey his laws,  
As no effect can be before its cause.

E V A N D E R.

Can Man do nothing then his Grace to  
move?

Æ N E A S.

Can th'infinately holy God approve  
Of imperfection? What bespeaks his love,  
Is his own work: this he'll succeed and bless,  
And to th'assembled Universe confess.  
Wrathful he views, and always will despise  
The works of Man, by which he seeks to rise;  
He's full of folly tho' he'd fain be wise:  
His moral deeds, and all that's on them built,  
Are sure to fall, and prove but splendid guilt.  
His works of art the fire of Heav'n will melt,  
And not one mark remain where once he dwelt.

E V A N D E R.

But how, if this be true, can we explain  
God's moral government? or how maintain  
Mankind's free agency?—

Æ N E A S.

It is not giv'n  
To us to comprehend the ways of Heav'n.

The

The world by wisdom knows not God ; nor can  
 His works of Grace be circumscrib'd by Man.  
 Such heights as these our reason can't attain,  
 And Angels' stronger pinions mount in vain.  
 But that this work is sure, the proof is strong,  
 Tho' the proud Reas'ner with blasphemous  
                   tongue  
 Arraign this conduct, and pronounce it wrong. }

E V A N D E R.

What is this proof ?——

Æ N E A S.

Full proof assent demands,  
 Where the Apostle of the Gentiles stands ;  
 Behold him plead before th'attentive King,  
 Observe his plea, and your objection bring.

E V A N D E R.

Saint Paul's Conversion's not a common case,  
 So nothing proves :——

Æ N E A S.

It proves the pow'r of Grace ;  
 Proves that th' Almighty works, with conquer-  
                   ing hand,  
 Nor can the will of Man his pow'r withstand.

E V A N D E R.

But Paul obey'd the heav'nly voice, and  
                   prov'd  
 A willing servant to the Lord he lov'd.

Æ N E A S.



*Æ N E A S.*

Yes, in the day of pow'r he such must be,  
And so is every one as well as he.  
But when his bosom glow'd with impious fire,  
And all his spirits flam'd with fierce desire  
T'abolish Jesus' name, his church confound,  
And shake the infant building to the ground;  
Can it be thought, while in such paths he trod,  
He gain'd, by works, the favour of his God?

*E V A N D E R.*

How did he gain it then?—

*Æ N E A S.*

It needs must be,  
Not gain'd by works, but sov'reign, rich and free;  
Still to the bright example turn your face,  
Where, wrote in sun-beams, shines resistless  
Grace.

See the fierce Persecutor madly rage,  
Against the Lord of Life! behold him wage  
War with the skies, and, mov'd by hellish flame,  
Seek to destroy the followers of the Lamb!  
The heav'nly Pow'rs behold with deep amaze,  
And wonder why th'avenging stroke delays;  
Around the throne impatient lightnings fly,  
And the rein'd thunder mutters in the sky.  
But different counsels heav'n's great Father move,  
And his expected vengeance proves his love.

His

106 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

His Love and Grace unite with pow'rful blaze,  
Rush on the rebel with resistless rays;  
Swift thro' his soul; th'enlight'ning glories run,  
And the audacious foe becomes a Son!

*E V A N D E R.*

Beyond conception happy, sure are they,  
Whom Heav'n regards in this triumphant way.  
But it were blind presumption to suppose  
Such great events as these await my woes:  
Yet would I learn what might my grief remove,  
And fill my breast with sacred peace and love.

*Æ N E A S.*

If peace you'd find, look from yourself, my  
Friend,  
And to your Saviour's spotless worth attend.  
There lies your peace, and there it lies secure;  
His blood has seal'd it, and it must be sure.

*E V A N D E R.*

Nothing but terror from myself I find,  
And if on high I raise my sinking mind,  
It rages more,——

*Æ N E A S.*

'Tis not in man to give,  
The pow'rful word which bids the sinner live.  
But raise your constant suit to him that died,  
The humble soul was never yet deny'd;

With

With patience wait, he'll soon with smiling nod,  
Break thro' the cloud and shew himself your  
God.

Then will your soul ascend on Eagle's wing,  
Fresh wonders view, and his Salvation sing.  
So, oft when mists obstruct the morning ray,  
And dark-wing'd fogs hang heavy on the day,  
The Sun at noon throws out a pow'rful blaze,  
And flashes through the darkness with his rays.  
Far from his throne the floating vapour flies,  
The clouds he scatters, and clears up the skies;  
The hills, the vales, and streams then shine a-  
round;  
With brighter green the woods and fields are  
crown'd:  
The distant tow'rs and mountains rise in sight,  
And the whole azure concave flames with light.

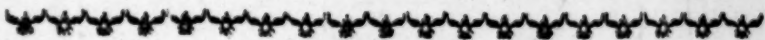
GRACE

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A vertical crease is visible down the center of the page, suggesting it was once folded. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.



GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the SEVENTH.





## The A R G U M E N T.

*Evander is restored to comfort and joy, in believing, at a time when, and in a way he least expected it. He is fully convinced, that neither his distress, nor his deliverance, had its foundation in natural causes, but proceeded from the mighty power of God. Sylvia is surpris'd at the suddenness of the change, but rejoices in it, and joins Evander in the acknowledgement of an Almighty Power producing the desired event; but advises him to moderate his joy, and turn his attention to worldly affairs.*

# GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

## DIALOGUE the SEVENTH.

EVANDER. SYLVIA.

EVANDER.

**W**HAT can this mean? which way soe'er  
I turn,

Those seeming kind, but yet mysterious words,  
Late in so strange a manner to me brought,  
Pursue my steps, and bear upon my mind.  
Perhaps they bring some meaning which, as  
yet,

I apprehend not. Strange it seems to me,  
That the whole weight of heav'nly favour rests  
Upon believing! How can this be true?  
But I no longer cavil with my Maker;  
His word declares it, and his word will stand.  
Then let me lowly bend before his throne,  
And gladly recollect the word he gives.

"All things are possible!" if so, the great  
Important question which my soul pursues  
Is not as yet determin'd. Still I may  
Obtain his favour, and enjoy his love:  
He still has power to pardon crimes like mine,  
So great his Mercy, and so large his Grace.

What then prevents? Why, "If thou canst believe."

There lies the question: on this single hinge  
Turns an eternity of bliss or woe!

Let me consider; do not I believe?

Yes, like the devils, I believe and tremble.

But what avails it? That can never be

What this believing means. Could such belief

Avert God's vengeance, or procure his love,

Then every fiend would find it. Hence 'tis clear,

Neither a cold assent, nor strong conviction

That fills the soul with terror, is that faith

Which Heav'n approves.—Thus gaining what  
'tis not,

Let me advance in quest of what it is.

Perhaps 'tis this; to take the precious gift,

Receive the promise, rest upon the word,

And fix it in my soul, as meant to me.

Precious, indeed, were such belief as this!

'Twould give the whole my anxious heart pur-  
sues,

Banish my sorrows, and restore that joy

So long a stranger to my weary breast.—

But how shall I attain it? Human strength

Is weakness here, and all our wisdom vain.

As well I may attempt to reach the stars,

As by my native pow'rs to gain this faith.

Yet what Man's utmost efforts can't attain,

By

*DIALOGUE the SEVENTH.* 113

By ceaseless labour, Heav'n's free bounty gives.  
Hence manifest becomes the pow'r of God ;  
The work is his, and his alone the praise.  
Then let me ask of him, by Heav'n proclaim'd,  
The Author and the Finisher of Faith ;  
Who rules the empire of celestial Grace,  
And gives to whom he will. It is most true  
I am unworthy ; and his fiery law  
Might justly follow my desert to Hell.  
But many a sinner hath obtain'd of thee,  
(Oh, thou most Worthy, to receive the praise  
Of Man's Salvation !) Pardon, Grace, and Love  
Unmerited. To thee alone I look ;  
And in thy precious, all-prevailing name,  
Presume to fall before thy Father's throne.  
Behold, Great God ! here lying at thy feet  
The vilest of thy creatures ! One whose crimes  
Have dar'd thy vengeance ; and thy rising wrath  
Might justly, long ere now, have flaming thrown  
To bottomless perdition. One who durst  
Not have presum'd to speak a word before thee,  
Had not the riches of thy Grace reveal'd,  
And pard'ning Mercy, flowing thro' thy Son  
To the most vile and guilty of our race,  
Encourag'd, tho' with trembling, thus to come  
And beg for life. Of my own work I bring  
Nothing but Guilt ; and, as its consequence,  
Dejection, Mis'ry, Fear, and dire Dismay.

114 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Yet thou, all-glorious, everlasting God!

Let not thy lightnings flash, nor thunders roar,

While a poor object wretch, worthless and vile

As Sin can make him, dares to supplicate

Thy great forgiveness. I my righteous deeds

The best, time past can boast, or time to come,

With full abhorrence utterly renounce,

As vile and hateful; more deserving wrath,

Than fit to recommend me to thy love.

But thy dear Son hath pour'd his streaming  
blood

To save such sinners; and in him is merit

Sufficient for the work. Were my dread guilt

Weighty enough to sink thy whole creation,

This all-atoning stream, by Faith apply'd,

Would take away the whole. Permit me then,

With deepest humiliation at thy throne,

As is most fit, to mourn my Unbelief,

And beg that Faith which thou alone canst give.

Oh thou all-gracious, all-creating Pow'r!

Whose Spirit hover'd o'er the dark abyss,

Ere snowy light was born; and spake the word,

"Let there be light," and light immediate  
sprung:

Behold the horrid darkness of my soul,

And give the pow'rful word, "Let there be  
faith,"

And



*DIALOGUE the SEVENTH.* 115

And faith shall be. I ask it in that name,  
To which thy sov'reign promise stands engag'd,  
And thine acceptance by that promise bound,  
To whomsoever shall come. " Firm as thy  
throne

" Thy promise stands." Thou canst not falsify  
Thy heav'nly word : thou canst not turn away  
From him whom thou enablest thus to plead.—  
What have I said? are not these words too bold  
To speak to the Most High? But, on the wings  
Of that resplendent promise in his word,  
In honour of the Great Redeemer made,  
That whosoever cometh in his name,  
A gracious God in no wise will cast out;  
As in a fiery chariot carried far  
Beyond myself; such language utterance gain'd.  
I hope I have not giv'n offence. Methinks  
A rising joy unlike whate'er I knew,  
Which warms my breast, and plays about my  
heart,

Whispers, I have not; and declares, that this  
Is that rich gift, that precious faith, for which  
I made my supplication. Gracious God!  
How great thy goodness, and how free the love,  
That while I was requesting, could bestow  
The greatest blessing which thou hast to give,  
To Man on earth! Oh, how shall I express

My

116 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

My thankfulness! for here all language fails  
 'Tis joy unspeakable, and full of glory!  
 My spirits flame, I mount on eager wing:  
 My heart burns in me, and my soul's on fire.  
 Lend me thy chariot, oh triumphant Faith!  
 Thou that with ease canst mount the blest a-  
       bodes,

With satisfaction feast on future joys,  
 And make a whole eternity thy own;  
 Lend me thy chariot, and thy steeds of fire:  
 That, mounting high above terrestrial things,  
 My ardent soul may climb the noble height  
 Of Heav'n's eternal throne, and find my God.  
 See where he sits enthron'd in dazzling light,  
 Temper'd with heav'nly mildness! On his brow  
 Shines kind compassion. See! he looks upon me  
 With condescending goodness. Oh, my Soul!  
 He shines on thee, and smiles eternal love.  
 Oh, how I burn to meet him! how my heart  
 Exulting cries, "My Saviour, and my God."  
 Oh how his pitying eyes towards me turn,  
 And how his yearning bowels kindle mine!  
 Give way, ye Angels, that attend the throne!  
 Let me approach, and make my passion known;  
 Let a poor child of dust his incense bring!  
 Of greater grace than you can boast, I sing:  
 A claim like mine his goodness ne'er deny'd;  
 You he created, but for me he dy'd.

*EVAN-*

*EVANDER. SYLVIA.*

*S Y L V I A.*

Indeed, Evander! 'tis too much, and I  
Can bear no longer; that you should destroy  
Yourself and me in this determin'd way,  
Exceeds the worst that envy has to say.  
Three times the Sun has trac'd th'ætherial plain,  
Hath brought the months, the weeks, and days  
again,  
Since these uncommon troubles first begun;  
And still your thoughts the same sad circle run:  
Ever regardless how each season goes,  
Harden'd in grief, and brooding o'er your woes.  
It wounds my soul to hear you, day by day,  
Pour your complaint, and see you wear away.  
Once my delight and joy! but grown, alas!  
The shadow now of what Evander was.

*E V A N D E R.*

When with rebukes for sin, th'Almighty  
Pow'r  
Falls on our frame, it withers like a flow'r:  
But the chastis'd, without one murm'ring word,  
Should bear the indignation of the Lord.  
Sure is his promise, and his word is past,  
That such correction shall not always last;  
For if his wrath should unremitting burn,  
And his reviving favour ne'er return,

His

118 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

His heavy scourge would over life prevail,  
The broken spirit would before him fail,  
And souls that he has made——

*S Y L V I A.*

Such words as these,  
I must confess, Evander! give me ease.  
Never, till now, I heard you once suppose  
It possible, you might out-live your woes;  
But this great promise rising on your mind,  
Gives me to hope the joy not far behind.  
So when the morning star with silver ray,  
Flames in the forehead of the rising day;  
With growing joy we view the brightning skies,  
And mark the point from which the Sun's to rise.

*E V A N D E R.*

The Sun is ris'n; and on his radiant throne  
Nor cloud nor darkness lies. The storm's o'er-  
blown,

The morning shines; serene is all the sky:  
Love fills my heart, and all my soul is joy.

*S Y L V I A.*

Your words rejoice my heart, but yet sur-  
prise;  
For whence a change so sudden could arise  
I can't discern.——

*E V A N D E R.*

From the supremely wise  
Father



*DIALOGUE the SEVENTH.* 119

Father of Spirits, who regards my weal;  
'Tis he that wounds, and he alone can heal:  
He ends the glorious work, whose hands begin;  
None but the mighty God can pardon Sin.

*S Y L V I A.*

As you declar'd, when first these troubles rose,  
That nothing could your raging griefs compose,  
But knowledge of forgiveness, much I fear'd  
You'd not attain it; but it hath appear'd  
I was mistaken; this great point is gain'd.  
But say, what means the happy end attain'd?

*E V A N D E R.*

The Great Redeemer. He who ever lives  
To favour burden'd Sinners; he who gives  
Pardon and peace. 'Tis by his high command,  
And lively faith in him, that now I stand.  
In ways which claim my wonder, he made known  
My unbelief; and shew'd that this alone  
Was my destroyer. Then he gave me pow'r  
To pray for faith; and in that happy hour,  
While on my knees this faith was kindly giv'n,  
Swift, on a sov'reign promise, wing'd from  
Heav'n.

*S Y L V I A.*

With wild surprise I saw your strange distress,  
And your more strange deliv'rance claims no  
less.

It



120 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

It must arise from some celestial aid;  
For human wisdom hath so oft assay'd,  
And oft been foil'd, no hope from thence remain'd.

*E V A N D E R.*

But my Redeemer soon the conquest gain'd.  
To him my grateful heart would altars raise,  
But all my pow'rs are feeble in his praise.  
How shall I shew the glories of his face,  
Or how relate the wonders of his Grace!  
What thanks to him sufficient can I give,  
Who saw me in my blood, and bade me live!

*S Y L V I A.*

In your just praises I most gladly join,  
As your distress, so half your joys are mine:  
Oh may they long continue! but be wise;  
Restrain your rapture, moderate your joys;  
This world requires regard, which, in the mind  
That swells with rapture, we not often find.

*E V A N D E R.*

May my Redeemer (in whose matchless praise  
I hope to spend the remnant of my days)  
Reign in my soul; direct each rising thought,  
And teach me how to do the thing I ought.  
But may my heart ne'er cold or careless prove,  
Cleave to the world, and wander from his love.

May

*DIALOGUE the SEVENTH.* 121

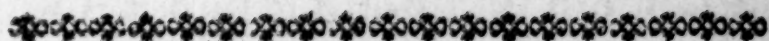
May he no more seem little in my eyes;  
Oh, for more rapture! oh, for stronger joys!  
With heart enlarg'd before his throne I bow,  
Nor ever saw a glimpse of him till now.  
But oh, how great he rises on my sight!  
Breaking thro' darkness, all divinely bright.  
So when thick woods the wand'rer's feet invade,  
And brown, as evening, over-hangs the shade;  
If some small crevice give the solar ray,  
And, quiv'ring, pour the unexpected day,  
(Not Heav'n's fair bow in brighter colours  
shines)

The Sun's red rays extend in painted lines,  
He throws around his variegated beams,  
And o'er the shade with peerless glory streams.

M

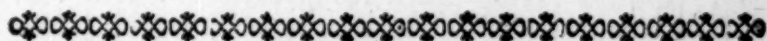
GRACE

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# GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the EIGHTH.



## The ARGUMENT.

*Mezentus is surpris'd at the suddenness of the change in Evander's mind: however repugnant it appears to the establiſhed order of Nature, he will not allow it to ariſe from any higher ſource. He calls on Evander to reſume his Philoſophical Studies. Evander declines them; and rejoices in that glorious Grace, which Mezentus deſpiſes.*



# GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

## DIALOGUE the EIGHTH.

*EVANDER. MEZENTUS.*

*E V A N D E R.*

**B**UT let me guard with care against the  
errors

That rise from hot imagination. Stands  
My comfort late obtain'd, my peace and hope,  
On such a floating base? are there no facts,  
That on a firm foundation may support  
This rising building? does it only stand  
Tow'ring in air and resting on the clouds?  
Let me proceed with caution, and examine  
The ground I stand upon. Not all the world  
Should bribe me to give up the holy joys  
That warm my heart, if reason owns them just,  
And God's unerring word joins to approve them.  
But if they are no more than idle dreams,  
Children of fancy in the flatt'ring dress  
Of self-deception, let them go for ever!  
Then let me reason closely: Facts there are,  
And great and sure ones too, tho' far they lie  
Retir'd from human sight; but in my soul  
Distinctly noted, and precisely known.  
Known to the heart is its own bitterness,

126 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Nor can a stranger meddle with its joy.

Late was my mind the dark abode of Sorrow,  
Like the lone desert, horrid, waste, and wild;  
Haunted with demons; beat with ceaseless storms,  
And cover'd o'er with darkness. Now how  
chang'd!

The cold, bleak, hollow wind no longer roars;  
A beaming glory breaks thro' golden clouds;  
The thirsty waste receives refreshing streams,  
Pour'd, unexpected, from a thousand springs,  
Which gently murmur down the ragged rocks,  
And the clear crystal shines along the vales.  
A sudden verdure rises: gay around  
Bloom the fresh flowers; and all the desert smiles.  
Such is my soul; and this amazing change  
Rose from one promise fix'd upon my heart;  
One gracious promise sounding thro' my soul,  
As by a voice from Heav'n, and made my own:  
But, like a chain, the Gospel-promises,  
Together link'd, the hand that reaches one  
Draws all the rest. So on my view I find  
The shining train in long succession rise,  
With still increasing glory; since the day  
When first by Heav'n enabled I laid hold  
On that great promise. All my fears are fled  
In one bright moment; and the dreadful horror  
That rent my heart, I recollect with pleasure,  
Like one awaken'd from a frightful dream.

Loud

*DIALOGUE the EIGHTH.* 127

Loud thund'ring Sinai bellows now no more,  
But all is hush'd and quiet. Peace and rest,  
Those long desired strangers, now return;  
While calm, serene, and still, is all the region  
Where late the whirlwind drove, and tempest  
play'd.

Such is the rest which the believer finds;  
And such, my soul, is thine! Return with joy  
Into the peace which thy Redeemer gives;  
For bountifully hath he dealt with thee.  
May each imagination be pull'd down;  
And ev'ry lofty thing that dares to rise,  
With exaltation bold, against the throne  
Of thy Redeemer, and his pow'r to save.  
May ev'ry thought in low subjection bow  
Before his regal sceptre, and be made  
His willing captive; for to him belongs  
Salvation, pow'r, dominion, glory, praise,  
And adoration; for he hath been slain!  
And, oh my soul! he has been slain for thee.

*EVANDER. MEZENTUS.*

*M E Z E N T U S.*

When the lost pilot finds his vessel thrown,  
At midnight watch, on rocks and shelves un-  
known;  
Up to the stars he lifts his anxious eyes,  
With long impatience views the darksome skies;  
Till

128 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Till faintly dawning, while he restless raves,  
 The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves.  
 Impatient thus, Evander! and in pain,  
 Long have I watch'd thy rising, but in vain;  
 While deep destructive sorrows on thee roll,  
 Like surging waves, and darken all thy soul;  
 But now at last my careful eye surveys  
 Some dawn of joy, and hope of better days.

*E V A N D E R.*

Just are your thoughts, and sh:rwldly have  
 you guess'd;  
 For grief, the long sad native of my breast,  
 By the Redeemer's pow'r is driv'n away,  
 As shadows fly before the rising day:  
 Driv'n instantaneous! after tedious years,  
 And joy, that welcome stranger, now appears.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

Tho' I rejoice in so desir'd a change,  
 To me its suddenness is vastly strange;  
 Except some pow'rful cause could be assign'd  
 Equal to such effects.—

*E V A N D E R.*

The troubled mind  
 Material cause can neither loose nor bind:  
 Yet if all Nature could thus much command,  
 The Great Redeemer holds it in his hand.

*M E.*



*M E Z E N T U S.*

Nature's high King, the great, first moving  
cause,

So nicely calculated all her laws,  
And firmly fix'd them, that no aid she needs,  
But ev'ry well-adjusted plan succeeds.  
To her he gave the pow'r of bliss or woe,  
And leaves to her his government below.  
The way she takes is oft to us unknown,  
Yet is the operative pow'r her own.  
In Nature's hand all our assistance lies ;  
The man that will not own her is not wise.  
But if, through second causes, as is just,  
Your tender piety regards the first,  
With ready heart I join your grateful voice,  
And in your late recover'd peace rejoice.  
But since your heavy griefs and long dismay  
Have check'd our studies, let us not delay :  
Now let our thoughts the pleasing task pursue,  
Explore each cause, and search creation through ;  
Together let our spirits mount on high,  
And sing of Nature with unceasing joy.

*E V A N D E R.*

These hidden depths, let those who may ex-  
plore,  
But such researches please my soul no more.

Though



130 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

Though noble is the song, and just the praise  
When all-creating Wisdom fires our lays;  
Yet in my mind far other themes take place,  
And all my song is now, TRIUMPHANT GRACE.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

With grief I learn by these fanatic strains,  
A touch of your disorder still remains :  
But time will wear it off.—

*E V A N D E R.*

Oh, never may  
The fatal time arrive, which takes away  
The holy joys that in my bosom move,  
And weans my heart from my Redeemer's love!

*M E Z E N T U S.*

The happy Man to love of Virtue brought,  
By Nature prompted, and by Reason taught ;  
Burns with no rapture, feels no fierce desire,  
Nor ever knew enthusiastic fire.

While bigots blind, from Reason's guidance  
broke,

Like meteors flame, but soon dissolve in smoke ;  
He, 'like a star that gilds th'ætherial way,  
Steady and strong emits his native ray,  
While calmly he pursues the thing that's right,  
And takes in doing good his chief delight.  
This is the man that gains immortal praise ;  
He loves the best who steadily obeys.

*E V A N-*

*E V A N D E R.*

More happy now, and ever will he prove,  
 To whom the Lord reveals his pard'ning love.  
 Long had he groan'd beneath the load of guilt,  
 And saw how weak his hopes on Virtue built;  
 Bewail'd his num'rous sins, with trembling awe,  
 And hop'd no more salvation by the law;  
 But lost in darkness, ev'ry step he trod,  
 He call'd in earnest on th'incarnate God!  
 The God attends, and from the bending sky  
 Descends in love, and fills his soul with joy;  
 Pardons his sins, the greater and the less,  
 And blazes forth **THE LORD HIS RIGHTEOUS-**  
**NESS.**

Then flames the soul with love: then he obeys  
 With all his heart; and basking in the rays  
 Of his Redeemer, feels the growing flame,  
 And dwells among the followers of the Lamb.

*M E Z E N T U S.*

May the eternal, all-supporting Mind,  
 Defend that reason which himself assign'd;  
 Give me his works with pleasure to explore,  
 Preserve my virtue; and I ask no more.  
 What you describe I know not: nor desire  
 To know such sorrows, or to feel such fire.  
 To reas'ning clear serener joys belong,  
 And Nature teaches a sublimer song.

*E V A N-*

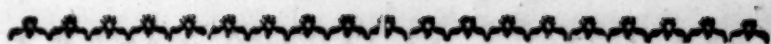
*E V A N D E R.*

Thus when malignant fevers fire the brain,  
The patient lies insensible of pain ;  
To prudent management he hardly bends,  
Nor thanks th' officious pity of his friends ;  
But, half-enrag'd, his helpless state denies,  
Nor feels the dire disease by which he dies.

*GRACE*

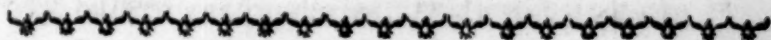
GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE the NINTH.



GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

DIALOGUE *the* NINTH.



## The A R G U M E N T.

*Evander, having by letter informed Æneas of his happy deliverance, he partakes with him in his joy; and gives such advice thereupon, as is proper to be observed by those who have experienced the Power, and known the Glory of the Grace of God.*



# GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

## DIALOGUE the NINTH.

EVANDER. ÆNEAS.

EVANDER.

**W**HEN Israel's God from Shinar's servile  
plains

Brought his redeem'd, deliver'd from their  
chains,

As o'er Euphrates' rapid stream they pass'd,

And their rejoicing eyes around them cast,

So high their transport rises at the view,

The heart, high-beating, scarce believes it true :

But soon their songs amongst the Heathen rise,

And great Jehovah's praises shake the skies.

So my glad heart, just rising from her fears,

Her grateful tribute to my Saviour bears ;

But when I ask, why thus he favours me ?

My baffled reason cries, " It ne'er can be."

ÆNEAS.

Almighty Grace to Reason will not bend,

Not Nature's brightest pow'rs can comprehend

The ways of God. He takes whoe'er he will,

From Nature's waste, and brings to Zion's hill.

136 *GRACE TRIUMPHANT.*

With wrath he drives them, or with love he  
draws,

But gives not haughty man to know the cause.  
Yet sure not one amongst the ransom'd race  
Hath greater cause to sing Redeeming Grace  
Than has my Friend. My warmest thanks are due  
For your epistle, where so fully you  
Relate the whole.—

*E V A N D E R,*

May Heav'n's incarnate King  
Enlarge my heart, and teach me how to sing;  
Exalt my grov'ling thoughts, inspire my lays,  
Fire all my soul, and fill me with his praise;  
For ne'er before Jehovah's gracious smile  
Beheld a wretch so obstinate and vile.

*Æ N E A S.*

Such self-abasement, more or less, takes place,  
In ev'ry subject of all-conq'ring Grace:  
For when the winds of heav'nly favour blow,  
Man's pride is humbled, loftiness laid low,  
And Christ alone exalted. But, my Friend!  
He does not always kindly condescend  
To give such joys as yours; or to remove  
Our terrors thus, or thus reveal his love.

*E V A N D E R.*

The greater reason, then, have I to raise  
My noblest song, and pour my soul in praise.

But

*DIALOGUE the NINTH.* 137

But never, never may my rapture speak,  
What may discourage, or offend the weak.

*Æ N E A S.*

In this conclusion you are rightly taught,  
And follow the example that you ought.  
As some fair shepherd, on th' enamel'd plain,  
With tender care regards his fleecy train;  
The pregnant mother gently leads along,  
And in his bosom nourishes the young;  
Provides their pasture, all the flock attends,  
Careful he guides them, and his arm defends:  
So Israel's shepherd all his people leads,  
Thro' flow'ry fields and ever-verdant meads;  
Each in his kind regard may claim a share,  
But still the weak are his peculiar care.  
His watchful eye explores where'er they roam,  
The lost he finds, and brings the wand'rer home:  
The sick he heals, and in his bosom bears  
The young and feeble overwhelm'd with fears.

*E V A N D E R.*

Thy worth, Immanuel! far exceeds our praise;  
Great are thy works, and wise are all thy ways;  
With growing joy thy gen'rous love we see,  
And all thy mighty Father shines in thee.

*Æ N E A S.*

This peerless person, our exalted King,  
Gives a new song, and teaches you to sing.

138 GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

But, 'midst surrounding dangers still you stand,  
Far from his throne, and distant from his land,  
Dwell in the tents which to his foes belong,  
And in the howling desert raise your song :  
But when with joy our spirits upward soar,  
We're prone to think we shall despond no more.  
Thus vernal suns in early strength array'd,  
Refulgent gleam along the leafless shade.  
Reviving rays amongst the warblers cast,  
And make them sing before the winter's past.

E V A N D E R.

Tho' in my way embattled squadrons lie,  
My King has conquer'd, and thro' him shall I:  
His strength I boast, who fills th'eternal throne,  
And joyful trust his righteousness alone :  
'Tis thus the man that knows his Grace proceeds,  
And, sure of glory, dares immortal deeds.

Æ N E A S.

When these effects, these genuine fruits appear,  
Both Heav'n and Earth confess the work sincere.  
But, vile the wretch! how stupid, and how blind!  
The jest of Hell! the scorn of all mankind!  
Whose putrid heart such gross conception breeds,  
As to suppose that Vice's baneful weeds  
Will grow from Faith's fair root : As easy may  
Meridian darkness stain the morning ray ;



*DIALOGUE the NINTH.* 139

Or with black pitch the chryſtal fountain blend,  
As lively faith to ſoul pollution tend:  
Her lucid dew with no ſuch poiſon ſeed,  
But happier harveſts crown th'immortal ſeed.

*E V A N D E R.*

From day's great Ruler beams refulgent flow  
As Æther pure, and white as virgin ſnow;  
And where he brightly ſhines all groſſer fires  
Shrink from his beam, and ſoon their rage expires:

So are the beams of Grace, that heav'nly flame,  
Pure as the kindred ſkies from whence they  
came;

And when, upon the human heart, they turn,  
Nature's polluted fires no longer burn.

*Æ N E A S.*

Yet not extinct the latent miſchief lies,  
But like the flame which overpow'r'd, dies;  
Waits but the abſence of the ſtronger rays  
To riſe afreſh, and ſpread its gath'ring blaze:  
Soon the old man aſſerts his ancient cauſe,  
And ſhakes the Chriſtian, when his God with-  
draws.

*E V A N D E R.*

Not far remote the Deity removes,  
But ſoon returning owns the ſoul he loves;

The



The cloud withdraws, the bright'ning rays re-  
turn,

Flame out afresh, and with fresh glory burn.

Æ N E A S.

As the transparent spring itself refines,  
Works off all filth, and with fresh chrystal shines;  
So in the soul, where Heav'n its grace bestows,  
A sacred stream of living water flows:  
Nature's oft-rising filth it clears away,  
And leads, unerring, to the realms of day.

E V A N D E R.

So, in my soul, may Grace Triumphant reign!  
May the clear fountain purge off ev'ry stain;  
May the fair prize my rising hopes survey,  
Lead me with joy along the heav'nly way,  
The way of holiness, that road to bliss,  
Which, tho' a fool, the trav'ler shall not miss!

Æ N E A S.

The man who's thus enabled will not fail,  
But over all the pow'rs of Hell prevail.  
Strong, in Jehovah's might, he conq'ring goes,  
Dares ev'ry danger, bears down all his foes;  
Victorious treads the paths of Old Renown,  
And surely gains his high immortal crown,  
Tho' Hell may rage, and Earth upon him  
frown:

The

The Grace receiv'd, a sure foundation lays,  
 And spreads a glory over all his ways.  
 So when the blust'ring north his forces forms,  
 And rolls across the Heav'ns a waste of storms,  
 If thro' some broken cloud the Sun's bright  
     beams  
 Dart heav'nly fire, and forth the Monarch  
     streams,  
 Whatever darkness lies across his way,  
 Or storms obscure the remnant of the day,  
 Far as the heav'nly arch appears in sight,  
 Along the cloud there shines a trail of light.

*E V A N D E R.*

Oh, thou blest Harbinger! thou Pow'r Divine!  
 That hast enlighten'd this dark soul of mine;  
 Maintain that gladness which thy beams inspire,  
 And make my soul ascend on wings of fire.  
 Still may thy spirit and thy word impart  
 Light to the mind, and comfort to the heart;  
 From grov'ling themes the fond attention raise,  
 And teach the wond'ring world Immanuel's  
     praise.

*Æ N E A S.*

High in the Heav'ns the filial Godhead stands,  
 And, smiling, issues forth his great commands;  
 Hear, all my servants! by my Grace you live,  
 Freely ye have receiv'd, and freely give;

Pour

Pour out the copious stream to all that thirst,  
The last that comes is welcome as the first.

Ye sons of Grace! observe the great command,  
And spread the living waters o'er the land;  
Throw wide the streams which heal all human  
woe,

The sluices clear, and bid the fountain flow.  
The crescent moon thus gilds the infant night,  
Full-orb'd she grows, and drinks a tide of light;  
Then round the sky she throws the silver store,  
And swift to day's full fountain runs for more.

*E V A N D E E R.*

May the great God, whom once I durst despise,  
Still in my view with brighter glories rise!  
Give me, for him, to bear reproach and shame,  
And boldly to the world confess his name!  
Tho' Earth and Hell unite with ceaseless roar,  
Still may I love, and still rejoice the more:  
Ne'er be ashamed to own my native loss,  
Nor stumble at the doctrine of the Cross.

*Æ N E A S.*

Nature's gay offspring ne'er with smiling face,  
Nor kind regard, behold the sons of Grace.  
In the proud heart eternal rancour reigns,  
Till chang'd by Grace, the enmity remains.  
Hell's hateful legions strive these fires to feed  
And stain, with foul reproach, the heav'nly seed.

But

*DIALOGUE the NINTH.* 143

But let us not regard them with dismay,  
The God that leads us is more strong than they.  
Strong, in his might, and trusting in his aid,  
We face the storm, and scorn to be afraid.  
Thus Albion's rocky shore unmov'd abides  
The full-mouth'd tempest, and the rolling tides:  
Successive ages brave the stormy main,  
And the mad winds and billows roar in vain.

*E V A N D E R.*

Ye sons of Zion! glory in your King;  
No longer sorrowing sit, but rise and sing.  
Listen, ye vernal winds, while Zion sings,  
And bear her song upon your spicy wings.  
Ye skies receive it, rising from the ground,  
And carry round the globe the joyful sound.  
Return, O echo! the resounding tide,  
And roll the strain along the mountain-side.  
Kindle, ye mountains! at the heav'nly flame,  
Lift up your aged heads, and shout Immanuel's  
Name.

*F I N I S.*



DIALOGUE IN WINTER

Butler as not regard  
The God that leads us in his night  
Standing in his night, and looking  
We face the storm, and know no  
Thus Alphonse's rock, and other  
The full moon, and the stars  
Successive ages have the storm  
And the mad winds and billows

Ye sons of Zion! glory in your  
No longer following in the  
Inborn, eternal words, which  
And her feet upon the  
The skies receding from the ground  
And carry above the joyful  
Return, O Jerusalem, returning  
And see the hills along the mountain  
Kindle, ye mountains of the land  
Lift up your aged heads and



Name

F I N I S